



68 PAGES OF TWISTED TALES OF TERROR!

NIGHTMARE



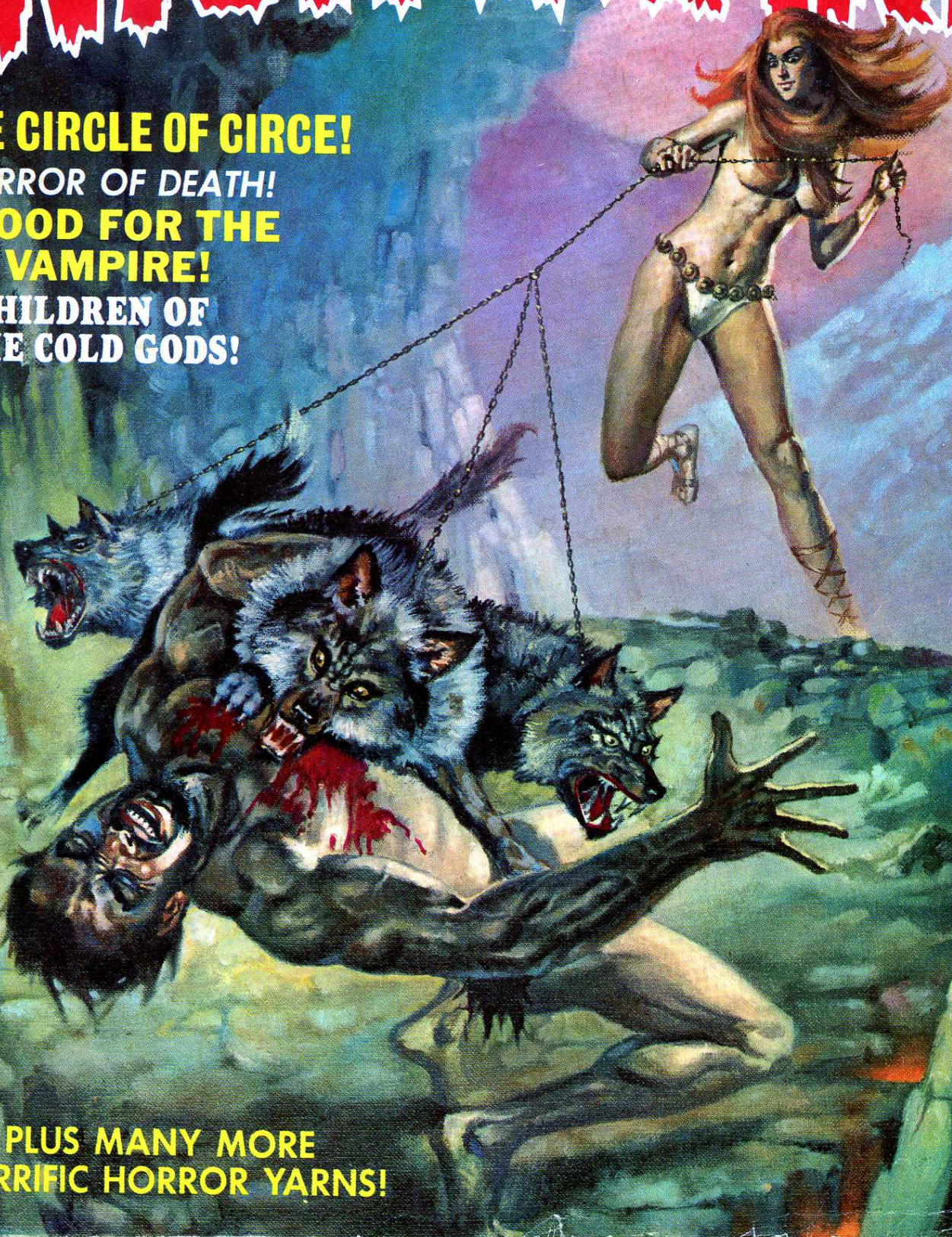
50¢

FEB
1971

THE CIRCLE OF CIRCE!

MIRROR OF DEATH!
BLOOD FOR THE
VAMPIRE!

CHILDREN OF
THE COLD GODS!



PLUS MANY MORE
HORRIFIC HORROR YARNS!



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BORIS '70



CIRCLE OF CIRCE *Page 27*



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BLOOD FOR THE VAMPIRE *Page 40*

NIGHTMARE™

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CHILDREN OF THE COLD GODS *Page 4*

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WITH OVERPOPULATION BECOMING A GREATER REALITY, MEN WILL LOOK TO THE STARS FOR THE ROOM THEY NEED TO LIVE. OLD MOTHER EARTH WILL NO LONGER BE ABLE TO SUPPORT HER TEEMING BILLIONS OF INHABITANTS. **LIEBENSRAUM**--THE ROOM TO LIVE --WILL BE THE DESPAIRING CRY OF MEN AND WOMEN EVERYWHERE. AND SCIENCE RESPONDS BY DESIGNING & DEVELOPING FUTURE STARSHIPS USING ANTI-GRAVITY DEVICES AND--**THE ICE HOUSE!** MORE FORMALLY, IT IS KNOWN AS THE INSTITUTE FOR CELESTIAL ECOLOGY, WHERE DR. ALAN BRADFORD IS CHOSEN TO BE IN CHARGE OF THE VERY FIRST STAR TRIP TO A NEWLY DISCOVERED PLANET OF THE STAR-SUN BETA CENTAURI. BUT HORROR LURKS INSIDE THE ICE HOUSE, AN **UNIMAGINABLE HORROR**--SOMETHING SO FRIGHTFUL THAT THE CHILLED BLOOD OF ALAN BRADFORD RUNS EVER COLDER AT THE THOUGHT OF IT!--EVEN AS HE IS ABOUT TO COME FACE TO FACE WITH--

THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD GODS!



DANGER! A MENTAL ALARM SLICKED SCREAMING TERROR TO MY MIND AS I OPENED MY EYES TO SEE...

DR. BRADFORD!
DR. BRADFORD!
WAKE UP!

SOMETHING'S GONE **HAY-WIRE** AT THE **CRYOGENIC CONTROLS!**

I WAS IN THE INSTITUTE FOR CELESTIAL ECOLOGY, A VAST COMPOUND OF SPECIAL BUILDINGS GIVEN OVER TO THE QUICK-FREEZING OF HUMAN BEINGS, TO KEEP THEM ALIVE AND WELL FOR SPACE TRIPS TO THE STARS...

WHAT IS IT, NORM?
WHAT'S **WRONG?**

THE NUCLEAR CONTROLS OF THE CRYOGENIC GOVERNOR, SIR. WE CAN'T CONTAIN THEM ANY MORE. IT KEEPS GETTING COLDER AND COLDER...

THE TEMPERATURE'S DOWN CLOSE TO **MINUS THREE HUNDRED DEGREES FAHRENHEIT!**

WHAAAT!? WHY, AT THOSE TEMPERATURES FLOWERS CAN BE SO BRITTLE THEY SHATTER INTO FRAGMENTS AT A BLOW. NOT ONLY THAT, BUT--

LOOK! ONE OF THE FREEZING UNITS IS STARTING TO SHAKE BECAUSE OF THAT COLD! THOSE THINGS WEREN'T BUILT TO STAND--**OH MY GOD!**

ALL THE **PEOPLE** INSIDE THE **OTHER UNITS!** AND--**LALLA SPENCER**, THE GIRL I'M GOING TO MARRY! SUCH COLD WILL MAKE HUMAN FLESH AS **BRITTLE** AS THOSE FLOWERS MENTIONED!

A MERE **TOUCH--** COULD SHATTER THE MEN AND WOMEN TO **FRAGMENTS!**

I RAN--MY HEART A LUMP OF FEAR INSIDE MY CHEST --ALONG THE CORRIDORS OF THE CONTROL COMPOUND WHERE PEOPLE ARE KEPT "ON ICE", SO TO SPEAK, IN THE MANY TESTS WE RUN WHILE STUDYING THE EFFECTS OF COLD ON THE HUMAN LIFE SYSTEM...

I BURST INTO THE CHAMBER WHERE MY BELOVED LALLA LAY LOCKED IN GELID SLUMBER...



OHH--GOD!
THE UNIT IS
VIBRATING--AND
LALLA IS FROZEN
TO THE BRITTLE-
NESS OF GLASS
INSIDE IT!



FASTER
FASTER--
EVER FASTER
SHOOK THAT
LIVING TOMB
OF STEEL
AND PLASTIC!

AAGHH!!



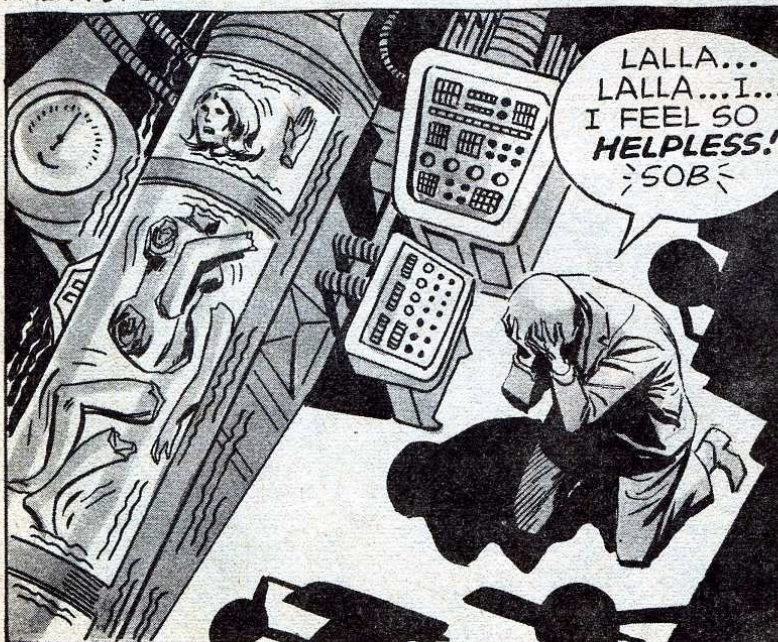
MY
HEART
CAME
CLOSE
TO STOP-
PING AS
I SAW...

OH--DEAR
GOD! THE COLD
CHAMBER WAS
TO HAVE
PRESERVED
LALLA'S LIFE ON
A TRIP TO THE
STARS--BUT
INSTEAD IT'S
MURDERING
HER!

I SANK TO MY KNEES, STRICKEN MUTE BY AN AGONY OF SPIRIT. I WAS VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH LALLA SPENCER. SHE WAS TO HAVE BEEN MY BRIDE...

BUT SOON, MY SENSE OF DUTY ASSERTED ITSELF...I FOUGHT OFF MY OWN FEELINGS AS BEST I COULD AND...

THE OTHERS!



LALLA...
LALLA...I...
I FEEL SO
HELPLESS!
SOB



LALLA IS LOST TO ME--BUT
MAYBE I CAN STILL SAVE
SOME OF THOSE WHO WERE
TO HAVE MADE THE TRIP
WITH US...



I RACED TO THE MAIN CONTROL ROOM...REACHED FOR THE LEVERS CONTROLLING THOSE ICY TEMPERATURES.

THE GAUGE NEEDLE IS **SINKING**--STEADILY SINKING TOWARD THE POINT OF **ABSOLUTE ZERO!**

ABSOLUTE ZERO IS -459.72 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT. OR -273.18 ON THE CENTIGRADE SCALE. AT SUCH COLDNESS, MOLECULES CEASE TO MOVE. MATTER DOES NOT EXIST ANY LONGER, IT APPEARS AS ENERGY. THERE IS NO LIFE--AT LEAST AS WE KNOW LIFE. THIS IS THE LIMIT FOR COLD. IT CAN GET NO COLDER!



I STRUGGLED FIERCELY TO MOVE THOSE LEVERS, BUT THEIR GEAR LUBRICANTS WERE **FROZEN SOLID...**

WHAT CAN I DO... **WHAT??**



THEN I TOO FROZE--BUT WITH HORROR, NOT WITH COLD. BEFORE MY EYES I SAW A --**THING!!**--APPEAR INSIDE THE SEALED CRYOGENIC CHAMBER...

WH--WHAT'S **THAT!?**

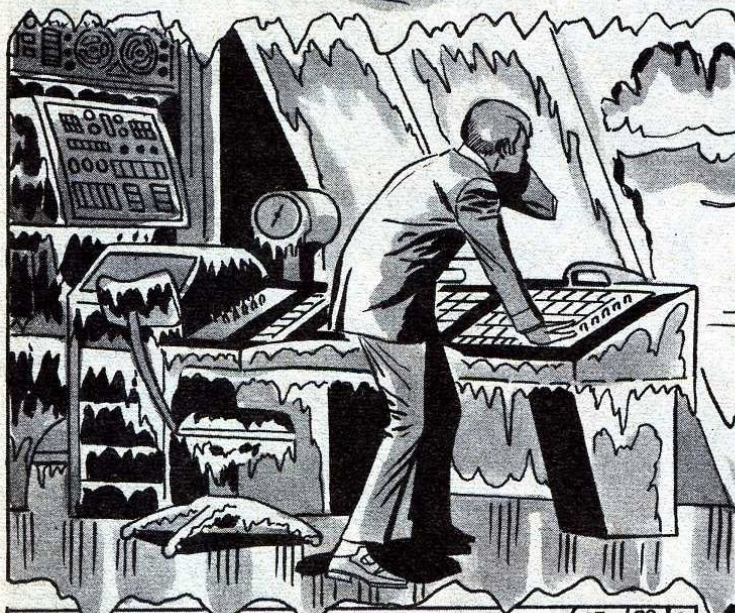
THOSE GREAT
BLACK--EYES?
--STARED INTO
MINE! I KNEW
SOMEHOW THAT
THIS WAS A
LIVING INTEL-
LIGENCE
SUMMONED UP
FROM WHEREVER
IT EXISTED BY
THE TREMENDOUS
COLD WHICH THE
CRYOGENIC
NUCLEAR MOTOR,
RUNNING HAY-
WIRE, HAD
CAUSED...

YES, CREATURE OF A
WARMER WORLD. I AM **ALIVE**.
I AM **INTELLIGENT**!



ITS THOUGHTS FLOODED MY BRAIN!...

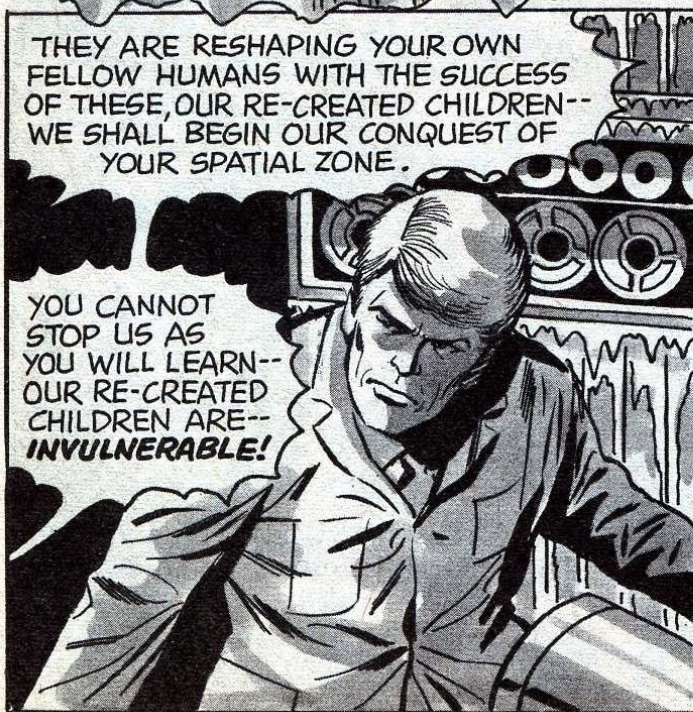
YOU WOULD PROBABLY CONSIDER ME AND
MY FELLOWS AS--GODS OF COLD! LORDS
OF THE ICY DOMAIN OVER WHICH WE RULE.
NOT UNTIL NOW HAVE WE SUSPECTED THAT
SUCH A LAND AS YOURS EXISTS. NOW WE
SHALL AMUSE OURSELVES WITH YOU FOR
IT BECOMES BORING
IN THIS **FRIGID**
LAND!



BY LOWERING
THE TEMPERATURES
OF YOUR "ICE HOUSE"
BELOW A CERTAIN
LEVEL, YOU
CREATED A WARP
IN THE SPACE--
TIME CONTINUUM
ENABLING MY
FELLOWS TO REACH
INTO YOUR WORLD,
AND AVAIL THEM-
SELVES OF CERTAIN
ABILITIES--WHICH
THEY POSSESS!

THEY ARE RESHAPING YOUR OWN
FELLOW HUMANS WITH THE SUCCESS
OF THESE, OUR RE-CREATED CHILDREN--
WE SHALL BEGIN OUR CONQUEST OF
YOUR SPATIAL ZONE.

YOU CANNOT
STOP US AS
YOU WILL LEARN--
OUR RE-CREATED
CHILDREN ARE--
INVULNERABLE!

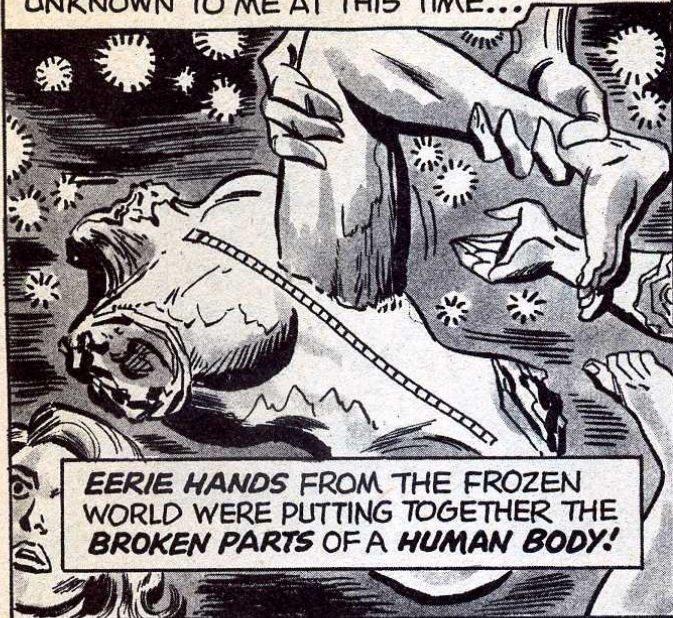


I GO NOW, RETIRING INSIDE MY OWN
WORLD WHERE I CAN WATCH IN COMFORT
AS MY CHILDREN SET ABOUT THE
TASKS WE HAVE GIVEN THEM!

FAREWELL,
HUMAN!



ON THE UPPER LEVELS OF THE "ICE HOUSE", UNKNOWN TO ME AT THIS TIME...



EERIE HANDS FROM THE FROZEN WORLD WERE PUTTING TOGETHER THE **BROKEN PARTS OF A HUMAN BODY!**

YES! THOSE HANDS THRUSTING THROUGH THE SPACE WARP WERE FITTING TOGETHER THE HEAD AND TORSO, LEGS AND ARMS OF MY **BE-LOVED LALLA...** BUT IN A **MAD, CRAZY WAY...**



ALL THROUGH-OUT THOSE ROOMS, OTHER MEN AND WOMEN WERE BEING RE-SHAPED, RE-PATTERNED IN AN INDISCRIMINATE, HELTER-SKELTER, HODGE-PODGE MANNER...



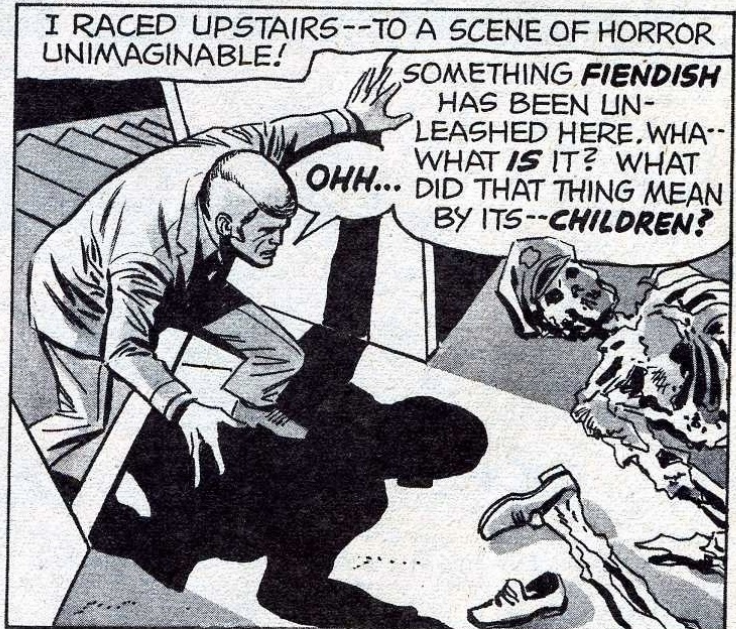
AND THEN--GOD HELP US ALL!--THEY WERE GIVEN **LIFE** OF SOME **FIENDISH FASHION.**



SCATTERING ACROSS THE COMPOUND ROOMS, THEY
CAUGHT A HAPLESS NURSE-- BORE HER SCREAMING TO
THE FLOOR....



A UNIFORMED ATTENDANT COULD PUT UP
NO MORE OF A FIGHT THAN THE WOMAN...



THEN MY HORROR BECAME MOMENTARILY MADNESS AS UNDERSTANDING BURST INSIDE
ME! FOR COMING TOWARD ME, SLIDING CRABWISE ON THE FLOOR-- WAS MY BELOVED LALLA
--FANGS **BARED TO TEAR**, TO **SLASH**, TO **EAT!!...**



IT BROKE MY HEART TO DO IT, BUT I KNEW I HAD NO CHOICE, I DREW MY REVOLVER AND I PUMPED BULLETS **POINT-BLANK** AT THE **ONCE-LOVELY FACE** WHICH HAD BECOME SO **HIDEOUS!**...

THE BULLETS ARE **BOUNCING OFF!**

THAT INTELLIGENCE FROM THE COLD WORLD SAID THESE THINGS WOULD BE **INVULNERABLE!** BUT I'VE GOT TO **TEST** THAT **ANOTHER WAY!**

I SHATTERED THE GLASS OF A FIRE ALARM BOX--REACHED IN AND SEIZED THE AXE INSIDE IT.

OH, GOD--LET ME GIVE HER THE MERCY OF A QUICK DEATH! LET THE AXE BITE DEEP INTO HER BRAIN!

BUT--AS I SWUNG THAT AXE, HER INHUMANLY STRONG HAND CAUGHT ITS HANDLE--RIPPED IT FROM MY FINGERS...

SHE'S GONE **MAD**--EITHER THAT--OR HER BRAIN IS BEING TELEPATHICALLY **CONTROLLED** BY THOSE **ICE GODS!**

GRIK GRIK

I TURNED AND FLED...

MUST FIND A WAY TO **DESTROY** THOSE **INHUMAN MONSTERS** BEFORE THEY CAN DO WHAT THAT COLD GOD SAID!

GRIK GRIK

I RAN OUT INTO THE WARM SUNLIGHT. WORD OF WHAT HAPPENED IN THE ICE HOUSE WAS BEING CARRIED NOW AROUND THE WORLD...

COMMANDER! WE'D GIVEN YOU UP FOR DEAD.

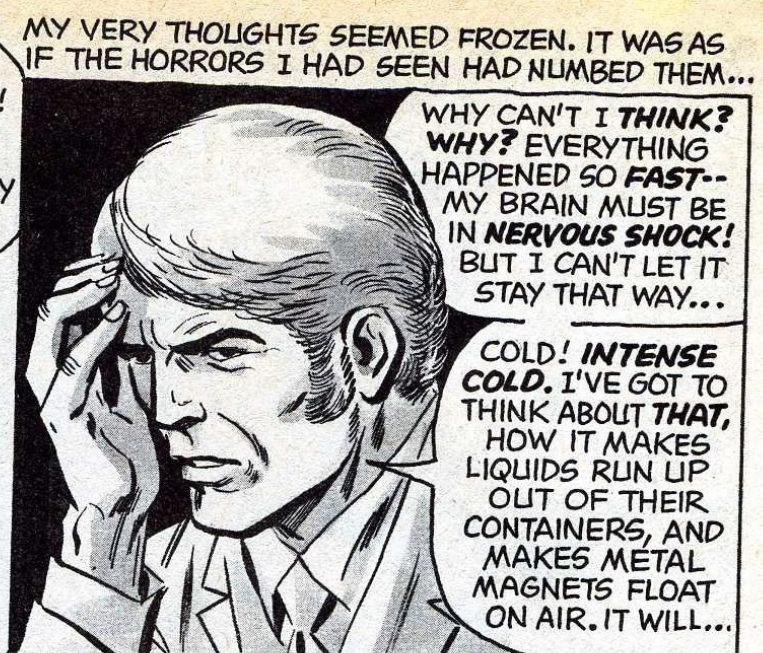
WE'RE GOING TO FLY PLANES OVER THE INSTITUTE--**BLAST** IT OUT OF **EXISTENCE!**

NO! YOU MUSTN'T DO THAT! IT'S SO **COLD** IN THAT PLACE THAT THE BOMBS WON'T HAVE ANY EFFECT EXCEPT TO DESTROY THE BUILDINGS AND LET THOSE--**HORRORS**--**ESCAPE** INTO THE OUTER WORLD!



WE'VE GOT THEM **PENPED UP** TEMPORARILY INSIDE THE BUILDINGS. WE MUST KEEP THEM THAT WAY!

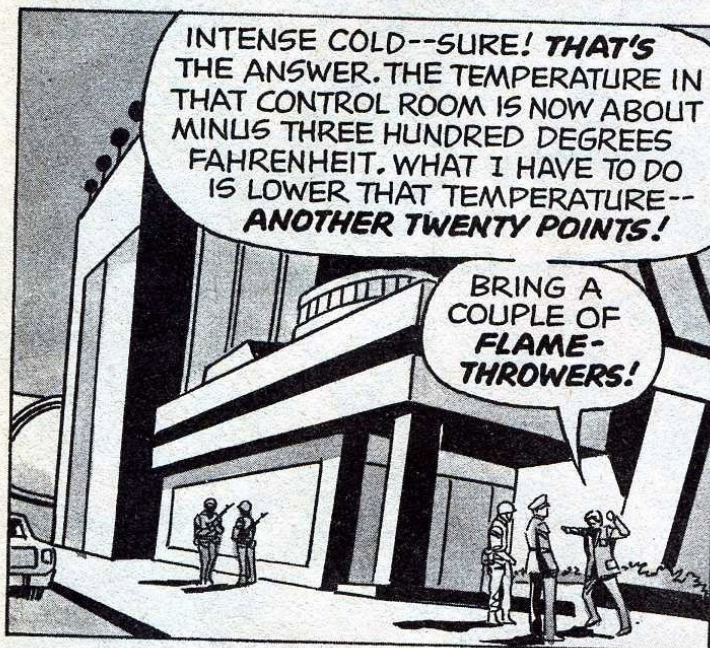
IF ONLY I COULD THINK OF A WAY TO-- TO **NEUTRALIZE** THEM! EVEN IF THEY CAN'T BE DESTROYED--IF THERE WERE SOME WAY TO MAKE THEM **HARMLESS!**



MY VERY THOUGHTS SEEMED FROZEN. IT WAS AS IF THE HORRORS I HAD SEEN HAD NUMBED THEM...

WHY CAN'T I **THINK?** WHY? EVERYTHING HAPPENED SO **FAST--** MY BRAIN MUST BE IN **NERVOUS SHOCK!** BUT I CAN'T LET IT STAY THAT WAY...

COLD! INTENSE COLD. I'VE GOT TO THINK ABOUT **THAT,** HOW IT MAKES LIQUIDS RUN UP OUT OF THEIR CONTAINERS, AND MAKES METAL MAGNETS FLOAT ON AIR. IT WILL...



INTENSE COLD--SURE! **THAT'S** THE ANSWER. THE TEMPERATURE IN THAT CONTROL ROOM IS NOW ABOUT MINUS THREE HUNDRED DEGREES FAHRENHEIT. WHAT I HAVE TO DO IS LOWER THAT TEMPERATURE-- **ANOTHER TWENTY POINTS!**

BRING A COUPLE OF **FLAME-THROWERS!**



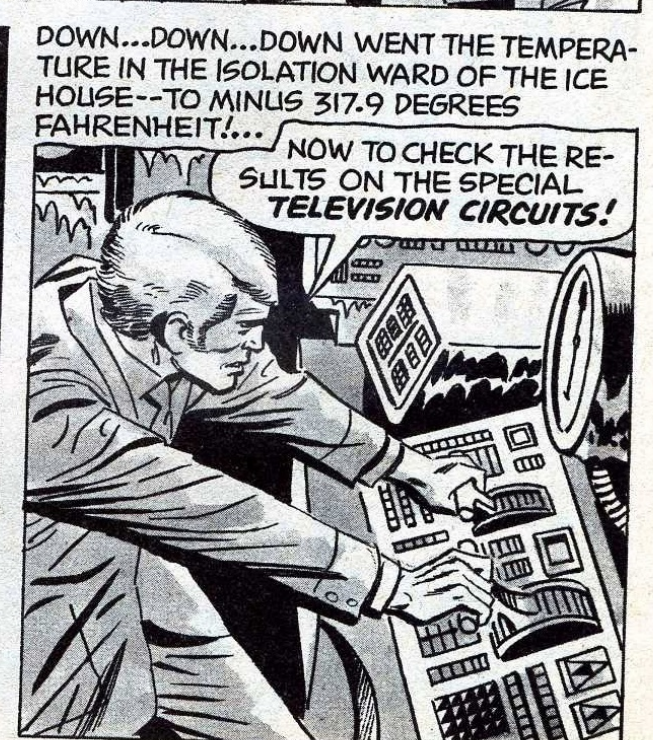
FOLLOWED BY TWO MECHANICS ARMED WITH FLAMETHROWERS, I RACED INTO THE MAIN CONTROL ROOM...

BLAST THOSE CONTROLS-- BUT **CAREFULLY!** USE THOSE FLAME-THROWERS TO MELT THE FROZEN LUBRICANTS PREVENTING ME FROM MOVING THE LEVERS!



SWPOOSH

OKAY, THAT'S **ENOUGH** I THINK I CAN WORK THEM NOW!



DOWN...DOWN...DOWN WENT THE TEMPERATURE IN THE ISOLATION WARD OF THE ICE HOUSE--TO MINUS 317.9 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT!...

NOW TO CHECK THE RESULTS ON THE SPECIAL **TELEVISION CIRCUITS!**

AT MINUS
317.9 DEGREES
FAHRENHEIT,
AIR ITSELF
BECOMES A
BLUE LIQUID!
NATURALLY,
THAT BLUE
LIQUID WILL
NOT SUPPORT
LIFE...

EVEN IF THOSE CHILDREN OF THE
COLD GODS DON'T DIE INSIDE THAT
LIQUID AIR--THEY'LL REMAIN "IN
SOLUTION"--FOREVER! THEY
CAN'T GET OUT OF IT, BECAUSE
THEY CAN NO LONGER MOVE!

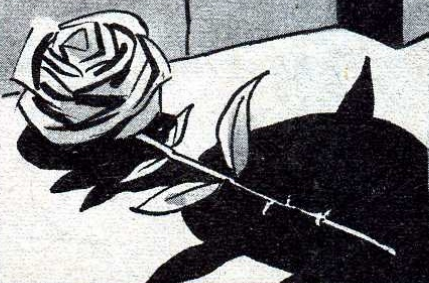
IT WORKED!

THE "ICE HOUSE"
HAS BECOME A
MAUSOLEUM FOR
MY BELOVED LALLA
AND THOSE OTHERS
WHO WERE EVENTU-
ALLY TO MAKE THE
STAR TRIP WITH ME.
ALWAYS THE
TEMPERATURE IS
MAINTAINED AT
-317.9 F....

SOMETIMES...
WHEN MY
DUTIES PERMIT
...I SNEAK
AWAY FROM THE
NEW AND BETTER
"ICE HOUSE"
THAT HAS BEEN
BUILT --

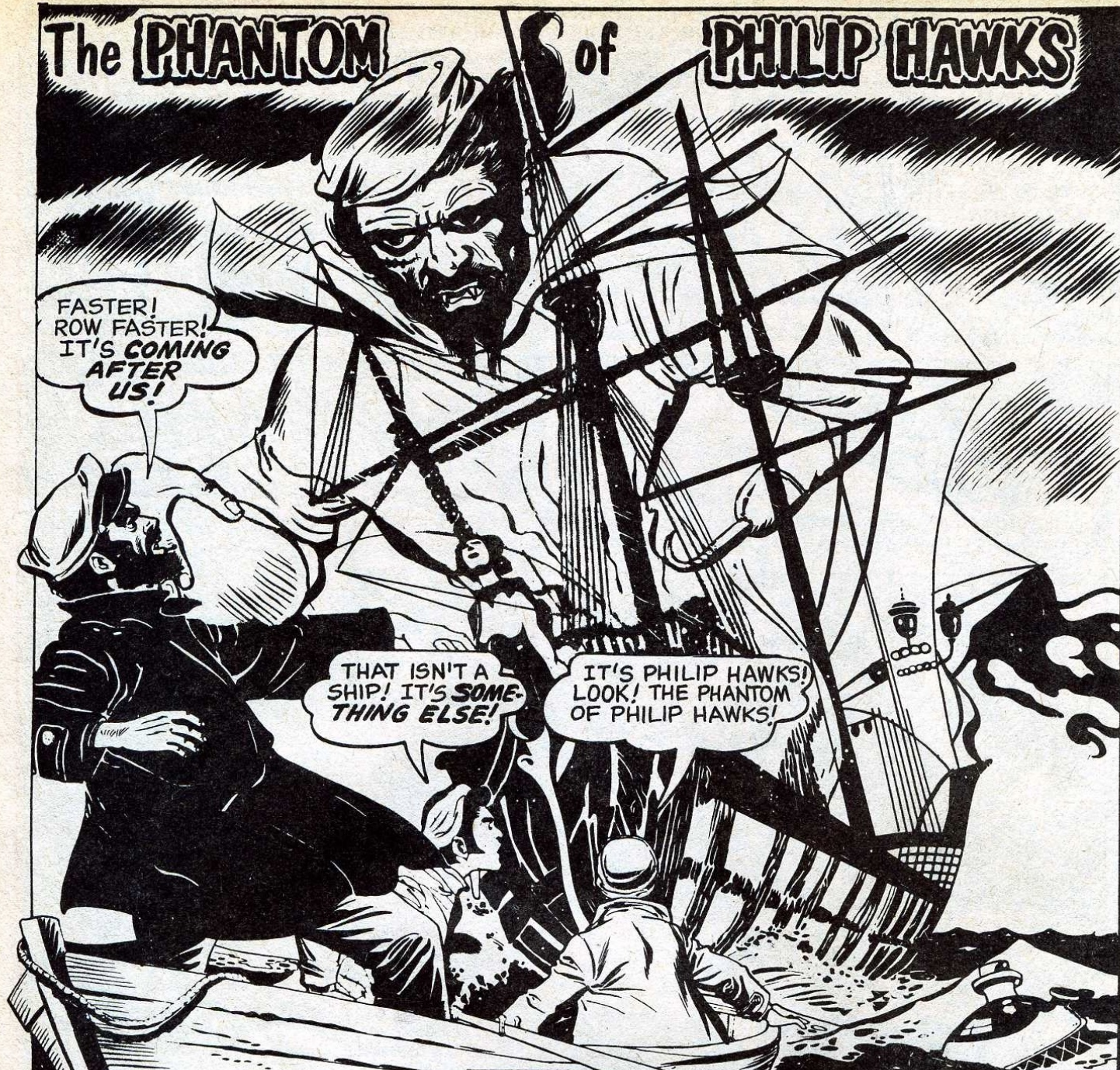
CAUTION
DANGER
DO NOT OPEN

--AND PLACE A **RED ROSE**
BEFORE THE DOORS OF
WHAT HAS BECOME FOR MY
DARLING LALLA--HER
ETERNAL TOMB...



END

The PHANTOM of PHILIP HAWKS



THE SMALL SCHOONER, *DELLA*, WAS A DAY OUT OF LISBON, HEADING FOR HER HOME PORT OF NEW YORK WHEN...



SHIP OFF PORT BOW!



WHAT GRISLY MYSTERY OF THE SEA WAS THIS? A SHIP PLACIDLY SAILING, WITH A CREW OF DEAD MEN! CAPTAIN BARTLETT WAS PUZZLED, BUT HE WAS PLEASED AT THE SALVAGE MONEY HE WOULD GET BY BRINGING THE *MARY KANE* TO PORT. HE COULD NOT GUESS AT THE TERRIBLE REVELATION THAT WOULD COME WHEN HE AND HIS MEN ENCOUNTERED THE GHASTLY THING THAT WAS... **THE PHANTOM OF PHILIP HAWKS!**

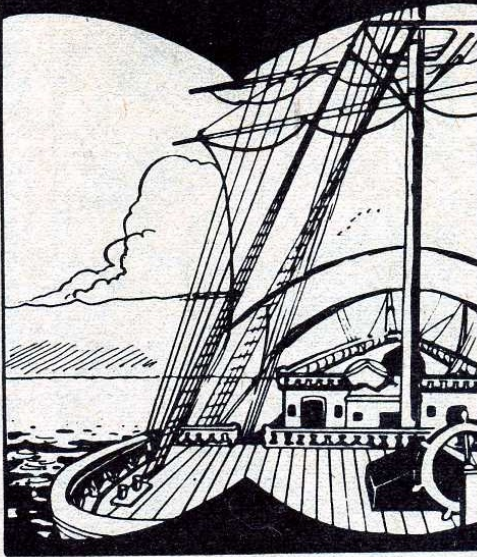
IT WAS A SMALL BRIG SERENELY SAILING THE SEA. BARTLETT ADMIRED HER...

CAN YOU MAKE OUT HER NAME, JOHNSON?

THE MARY KANE, CAPTAIN. THERE'S NOBODY ON DECK AT ALL.



CAPTAIN BARTLETT GAZED THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS, AND...



THE LIGHT SUMMER BREEZE DIED AWAY, AND BOTH SHIPS WERE BECALMED...

WE'LL GO ABOARD HER. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY EVERYONE WOULD STAY BELOW DECK!

SOMETHING PRETTY QUEER ABOUT THIS! SHE WAS HOLDIN' HER COURSE WITH NOBODY AT THE HELM!



OBVIOUSLY NO STORM HAD SLASHED MARY KANE! HER EMPTY DECK WAS TRIM AND SHIP-SHAPE! BUT WHEN THE BOARDING PARTY REACHED THE SILENT CABIN---



WHY--?!

DEAD! EVERYONE ON BOARD-- DEAD!

COULDN'T HAVE BEEN A MUTINY! NO SIGNS OF ANY FIGHTING!

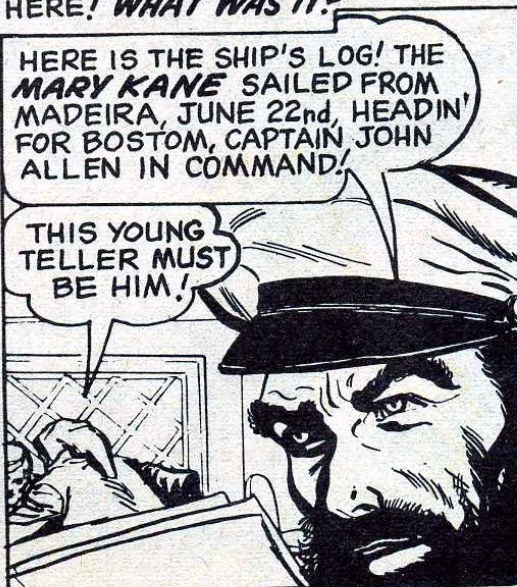
CAP'N, THEY LOOK LIKE SOMETHING FRIGHTENED THEM TO DEATH!



SOME GHASTLY HORROR HAD BEEN HERE! WHAT WAS IT?

HERE IS THE SHIP'S LOG! THE MARY KANE SAILED FROM MADEIRA, JUNE 22nd, HEADIN' FOR BOSTON, CAPTAIN JOHN ALLEN IN COMMAND!

THIS YOUNG TELLER MUST BE HIM!



LOOK, HERE'S HIS LAST ENTRY IN THE LOG BOOK!

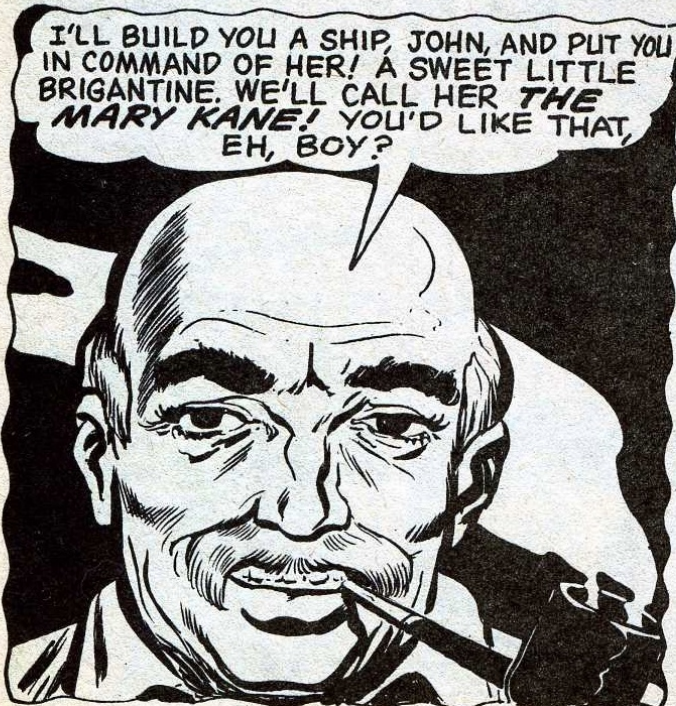


June 25th Noon. Lat. 34° 10' 11" N. Long. 22° 14' 6" W. Sea calm. All well. But we're frightened... something ghastly! ship -- something terrible... Does Mary know what it could be? She's terribly frightened



FROM THE GIRL'S DIARY THEY COULD PIECE TOGETHER THINGS WHICH HAD HAPPENED MONTHS BEFORE-- A STRANGE AND OMINOUS PRELUDE TO THIS VOYAGE OF DEATH! IN A SMALL NEW ENGLAND FISHING VILLAGE...

MARY'S FATHER WAS A RETIRED SEA CAPTAIN, ROBERT KANE! THEY TOLD HIM OF THEIR LOVE, AND--



THE MARY KANE! SHE WOULD BE LAUNCHED IN MAY! THEY WENT TO INSPECT HER ONE AFTERNOON! ONLY MARY NOTICED THE GLOWING FIGURE WHICH STOOD WATCHING THEM!



PHILIP HAWKS WAS A STRANGER TO THE VILLAGE! HE HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH MARY KANE! BUT SHE HAD REPULSED HIS ADVANCES...

...SHE DITCHED ME, FOR HIM! BUT HE'LL NEVER GET HER! HE'LL NEVER SAIL THAT SHIP!



THEN A FEW EVENINGS LATER...

WAIT A MINUTE, MARY!

I--I'M SORRY! I'M IN A HURRY!



THEN SUDDENLY...

LET ME ALONE! HOW DARE YOU? OHHH--- HELP! HELP!



HELP!

MARY! MARY!



YEOW!



SEVERAL OF THE VILLAGERS SAW THE AFFAIR.

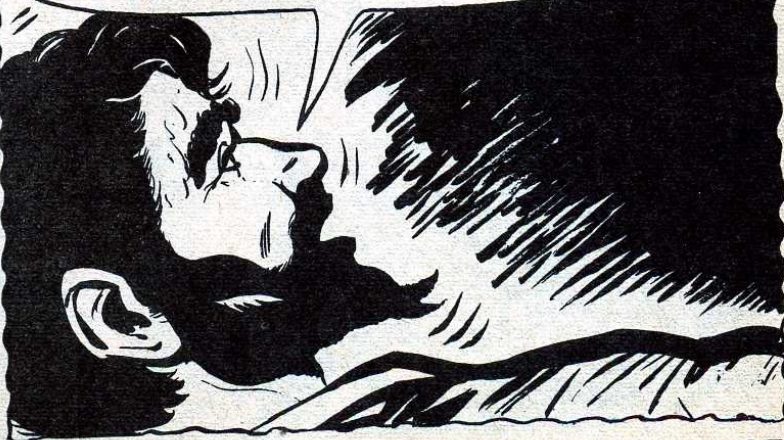
I'LL-PAY YOU BACK FOR THIS! YOU THINK DEATH WILL STOP ME? IT WON'T!

HE'S DYING!

GOOD RIDDANCE, I SAYS!



YOU'D BETTER NOT SAIL THE MARY KANE! BECAUSE I'LL BE THERE! THAT SHIP WILL BE ME! HA-HA! YOU NEVER HEARD OF THE SUPERNATURAL THINGS OF THE SEA! WELL, YOU WILL!



HAWKS DIED!
THE **MARY KANE** WAS
FINISHED
AND
LAUNCHED!
IN THE
LITTLE
VILLAGE
CHURCH,
JOHN ALLEN
AND MARY
WERE
MARRIED...



ON THE HONEYMOON, THEY'RE TAKIN'
THE **MARY KANE** ON HER MAIDEN
VOYAGE!

A HONEYMOON VOYAGE!
WE'LL ALL BE THERE
TO WISH 'EM LUCK!



IT STARTED SO GAILY...

GOODBYE!

THANKS!

GOOD LUCK!

GOODBYE!

HAVE A
NICE
VOYAGE!

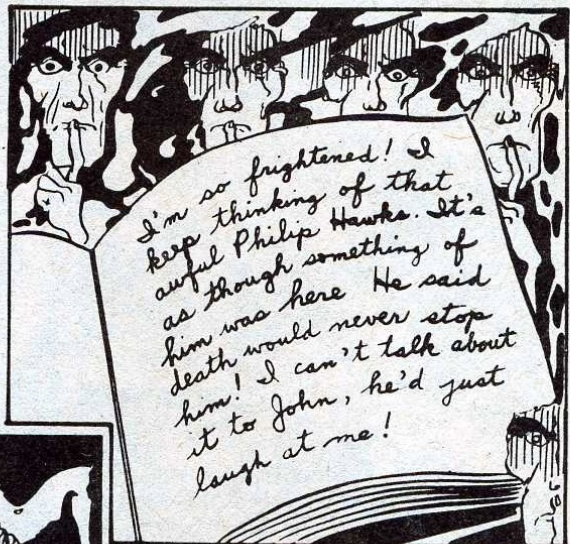


AND NOW
THE LITTLE
MARY KANE
WAS A BROODING,
SILENT
SHIP OF DEATH!



THEIR HONEYMOON VOYAGE
WAS **THIS** VOYAGE!

LOOK, HERE'S
HER LAST
ENTRY IN THE
DIARY! ONLY A
FEW DAYS
AGO!



I'm so frightened! I
keep thinking of that
awful Philip Hawks. It's
as though something of
him was here. He said
him would never stop
death would never stop
him! I can't talk about
it to John, he'd just
laugh at me!

I GUESS THEY ALL FELT
THE PREMONITION OF
SOMETHING HORRIBLE
COMING!

BUT **WHAT**
WAS IT?



SUDDENLY
THEY HEARD...



I TOLD THEM NOT
TO DARE SAIL ME!
HA! HA! HA!



THE SHIP'S TALKING
TO US!

WHA--!



EVERYWHERE THE RUMBLING VOICE WAS SOUNDING! THEN--

W-WE'RE *INSIDE* THE THING! RUN! RUN!-- GET OUT OF HERE-- YEOW!

AND AS THEY WILDLY RAN FOR WHAT HAD BEEN THE DECK...



BONY FINGERS OF THE GIANT THING WERE PLUCKING AT THEM! IT'S HORRIBLE FACE LOOMED OVER THEM...



OUR LIFE BOAT! GOT TO FIND IT!



THEN, A MOMENT LATER...



IF YOU SHOULD TAKE AN OCEAN VOYAGE, SOME NIGHT YOU MIGHT SEE A WEIRD PHANTOM SAILING THE SEAS!



THE MIRROR OF DEATH



STARK TERROR
FROZE THE BLOOD IN
HIS VEINS! **EERIE**
AND **HORRIBLE**, THE
GOD OF THE
SEVEN HANDS
REACHED OUT TO
SEIZE HIM-- AND HE
KNEW THAT HE
SHOULD NEVER HAVE
GAZED INTO... **"THE**
MIRROR OF DEATH!"

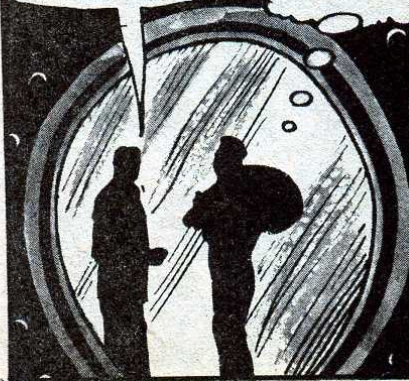
YOU'RE A HANDSOME **DEVIL**
LAJOS, AND IT SURE PAYS
OFF!



HEY, LAJOS... YOU SPENDIN'
YOUR LEAVE LOOKIN' AT THE
MIRROR? TIME
TO COME
ASHORE?



YOU BET I'M
COMING
ASHORE. I
GOT **BUSINESS**
THERE!



WHAT KIND
OF BUSINESS
CAN HE
HAVE IN
MARSEILLE?

LAJOS' BUSINESS TOOK HIM TO ONE OF THE BEST HOTELS, WHERE HE REGISTERED UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME...

STEVE LAJOS, MEET ROBERT MARTIN. SAME GUY-- DIFFERENT CLOTHES! WHEN THE COPS START HUNTING FOR THE GUY WHO TOOK THIS SWELL ROOM THEY WON'T THINK OF LOOKING FOR AN ORDINARY SEAMAN.



...BUT YOU CAN SEE WITH HALF A GLANCE THAT HE'S A **GENTLEMAN**... AND VERY GOOD-LOOKING AT THAT!



THAT EVENING...

LOOK, ISABEL! THAT HANDSOME YOUNG MAN-- SMILING AT ME!

HENRIETTA! HE'S A PERFECT STRANGER!



STEVE FOUND IT EASY TO STRIKE UP AN ACQUAINTANCE, AND AFTER AN EVENING AT THE THEATRE,

IT WAS A PLEASURE, MR. MARTIN, I...
EEEEEEHHH! HELP!



THE PLEASURE'S ALL MINE, LADY!



STEVE SOLD THE JEWELS THAT NIGHT, AND NEXT MORNING...

NOW LET 'EM TRY TO FIND THE SWANK MR. MARTIN!



YOU'RE A HANDSOME **DEVIL** LAJOS, AND IT SURE PAYS!



YES, LAJOS LIKED NOTHING BETTER THAN LOOKING INTO MIRRORS, UNTIL ONE DAY HIS BOAT DOCKED IN THE FAR-OFF ORIENT...

HEY, WHAT **DUMP** IS THIS?



IT IS THE TEMPLE OF MIRRORS, SAHIB-- BUILT TO HONOR THE GOD STRUGA OF THE SEVEN HANDS. WITHIN THE TEMPLE IS A MIRROR WHICH IS SAID TO **REVEAL** THE APPEARANCE OF A MAN'S **SOUL**!



A HANDSOME MAN MIGHT LOOK AT THE MIRROR OF STRUGA AND SEE THAT WHICH WILL **CHILL** HIS SOUL!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THE MIRROR THAT'D MAKE ME LOOK **UGLY**!



LAJOS STRODE CONTEMPTUOUSLY INTO THE TEMPLE...

SO THAT MIRROR IS SUPPOSED TO SHOW ME WHAT MY **SOUL** LOOKS LIKE!

SAHIB! NO! DO NOT **LOOK** IN THE MIRROR! IT... IT IS **DANGEROUS**!



LAJOS HELD THE MIRROR BEFORE HIM, AND THE LAUGH WITHERED ON HIS LIPS...

THAT... **THAT'S** NOT ME! WHAT KIND OF **TRICK** IS THIS?



PEDDLE YOUR FAIRY TALES ELSEWHERE. I KNOW WHAT I LOOK LIKE, AND IT'S GOOD-- NO MATTER WHAT KIND OF MIRROR I LOOK IN!







BETTER GET OUTTA
HERE **FAST...** BEFORE
THE NATIVE
COPPERS
GRAB ME!



HEY-- THIS IS THE SAME
DOOR I CAME IN... BUT
ALL THE BUILDINGS...
EVERYTHING ELSE...
THEY... THEY'VE
DISAPPEARED!

I... I DON'T **UNDERSTAND...** IT... IT'S LIKE
A BIG SILVER DESERT-- **NOTHING ELSE!**
BUT... WAIT... THERE'S A WALL!



THE SIDES ARE TOO SMOOTH...
CAN'T GET A FOOT HOLD!
HOW... HOW DID I GET
HERE... AND HOW CAN
I GET OUT?



LET ME OUT! HELP!
HELP! GET ME OUT
OF HERE!





THE END

THE STENCH OF FRESH BLOOD LINGERS LONG OVER THE LUSH-GREEN LANDSCAPE OF AEAEA AS YOU FIGHT FOR YOUR VERY EXISTENCE! YOUR MEN, STILL WEAK FROM THEIR LONG TREACHEROUS VOYAGE, ARE EASILY OUTNUMBERED BY THE AMAZON HORDES UNDER THE COMMAND OF CIRCE, THE DEMON-SORCERESS...YOUR FLESH IS TORN, AND YOUR MIND WANDERS BACK TO WHERE IT IT ALL BEGAN... BEFORE YOU WERE SNARED BY...

THE CIRCLE OF CIRCE!

THERE, MY PET...
THE BRAVE FOOL,
ULYSSES...

KILL HIM!!

KILL HIM SO
CIRCE MAY BE
AVENGED!



THE WAVES OF TIME PART AND YOU FIND YOURSELF BACK ON THE ISLE OF CRETE, WHERE THE WARRIOR-KING MINOS THE TERRIBLE, STAGES ANOTHER OF HIS FAMOUS TOURNAMENTS. AND YOU ULYSSES, ARE THE MAIN EVENT... YOU AND ZAKRO, THE BARBARIAN GIANT OF KNOSSUS...

PUNY ONE! YOU SHALL FALL QUICKLY BEFORE MY MIGHT!

SURRENDER, LESS YOU WISH THIS MOST HUMILIATING DEFEAT TO BE WITNESSED BY YOUR PEERS!

NEVER, ZAKRO!

FOR WHERE THERE IS COURAGE, **STRENGTH AND POWER MUST SURELY WIN!**

YOU SPEAK **TOO** HASTILY, FOOLISH ULYSSES!

FOR YOU ARE VANQUISHED AND ZAKRO HAS **WON AGAIN!**

YOU STAND DEFEATED BEFORE MINOS, THE WARRIOR-KING, AND YOU ARE STRIPPED OF YOUR BATTLE GARB, AND IN ITS PLACE YOU ARE FORCED TO WEAR THE WHITE CLOTH OF HUMILIATION...

GREAT ZAKRO, YOU HAVE DEFEATED ULYSSES, CHAMPION OF CRETE! THUS BY THE CUSTOM OF OUR FOREFATHERS, YOU MAY COMMAND UNTO HIM ANY TASK! WHAT SAY YOU ZAKRO THE BARBARIAN?

AS IT HAS **ALWAYS** BEEN, AND THUS IT SHALL **EVER** BE!

TO VOYAGE TO THE ISLE OF **AAAEA**, AND TO BRING TO ME THE LEGENDARY **GOLDEN TUSKS OF ATLAS!**

YOU HAVE HEARD YOUR ORDERS, ULYSSES. TAKE **ONE HUNDRED** OF YOUR MIGHTIEST SLAVES, AND BE OFF!

AND SHOULD YOU RETURN WITHOUT THE GOLDEN TUSKS, **DEATH** WILL MARK YOUR WELCOME!

YOU LEAVE THAT NIGHT AS EBONY CLOUDS TRACE YOUR PATH ACROSS THE WATERS. THE WIND BUFFETS YOUR MIGHTY SHIP LIKE THE PETAL OF A ROSE BORNE ALOFT IN A CURRENT OF AIR AS SUDDEN FLASHES OF LIGHTNING RIP ACROSS YOUR BOW REVEALING A RAIN SWEEPED PATH AHEAD. AND THE RAIN SHREDS APART THE FRAGILE SAIL AS YOUR MEN RACE OVER THE WOODEN FLOORBOARDS SECURING WHATEVER THEY CAN IN PLACE...

THE HEAVY RAINS SWEEP ACROSS YOUR SHIP, DRAGGING MIGHTY SLAVES TO THEIR DEATHS ON THE OCEAN DEPTHS, MANY FATHOMS BELOW! LIGHTNING STRETCHES ITS HANDS OUTWARDS AND ENCIRCLES YOUR MEN WITH FINGERS OF LIVING FIRE, CONSUMING THEM INSTANTLY IN A TERRIFYING FLAMING DEATH! YOU CLING HELPLESSLY TO ANY SUPPORT, LESS YOU TOO, MEET GREAT ZEUS BEFORE YOUR TIME IS DUE...

AACCKKKK!!

SWWITTKKRASSHHH!!

HOLD ON,
MY SLAVES...

AARGHHH...

DON'T LET THESE
HELLISH WATERS CLAIM
YOUR LIFE!

AND SLOWLY
THE TURBULENT
SEAS DIE DOWN, AND
THE GENTLE WATERS
OF THE MEDITERRANIAN
LIE CALM BENEATH YOUR
BOW. BUT NOW THE VIOLENCE
IS AMONG YOUR CREW, FOR
YOU HAVE LED MANY OF THEM
INTO DEATH...

THIS VOYAGE
IS CURSED!
TOO MANY OF
US HAVE DIED,
AND YET WE
GO FURTHER!

HOW MANY
MORE WILL PERISH
BEFORE ULYSSES
IS SATISFIED?

LET US
KILL HIM NOW
AND END THIS
OMINOUS VOYAGE
FOREVER!

OH GREAT POSEIDON
CALM YOUR ANGER AND
LET US SAIL IN SILENT
SEAS, LEST WE PERISH
BENEATH IN YOUR
WATERY GRAVE!

THEIR DAGGERS REMOVED FROM THEIR SCABBARDS, THE
MUTINEERS MOVE QUIETLY TOWARDS YOU, BUT THEN...

ULYSSES! LAND AHEAD!
THE ISLE OF AEAEA!

THANK THE
LORD ZEUS. WE
ARE SAVED!

YOU LOOK BEFORE YOU AS
YOUR SHIP MOVES SLOWLY THROUGH
THE SHALLOW WATERS, AND YOU SEE AN
ISLAND THAT LOOKS NOT UNLIKE PARADISE. IT IS LUSH,
GREEN, AND THE PERFUMED AIR BECKONS YOU FORWARD,
DRAWING YOU TO ITS CRYSTAL SHORE...



YOU STEP UPON THE FINE WHITE SAND AND LOOK AT THE RIPE GREENERY AHEAD, AND NOW YOU ARE SURE THAT THIS MUST INDEED BE PARADISE...

WHAT JOY THIS IS!
A SIGHT SUCH AS
MY EYES HAVE
NEVER SEEN!

SO PEACEFUL, SO BEAUTIFUL!
ONE COULD REMAIN HERE
THROUGHOUT ETERNITY.

THESE PETALS,
ULYSSES. THEY
SMELL OF FRAGRANCES
SUCH AS I'VE NEVER
SMELLED BEFORE!

BUT UNLIKE PARADISE, THERE IS SWIFT HORROR,
AND IT STRIKES QUICKLY...

GREAT ZEUS!
A WINGED DEMON!
YOUR SWORDS, MY
WARRIORS! USE
YOUR SWORDS AND
DESTROY THIS DEMON
OF DARKNESS!

OUR SWORDS,
THEY GO HARM-
LESSLY THROUGH
IT, AS IF IT DOES
NOT EXIST!

AND YET IT ATTACKS
US... KILLS US! HOW
CAN WE STOP THAT
WHICH WE CAN NOT
TOUCH?



IT HAS
ULYSSES!

WHAT MANNER
OF BEAST IS THIS
THAT THINKS LIKE
A MAN?

LOOK! IT IS
TURNING, AS IF
TO FLEE WITH
ITS PRIZE...

...THE MIGHTY BEAST SAILS UPWARDS INTO
THE FEAR-PAVED SKIES, TO WHERE, YOU
KNOW NOT...



OVER THE LUSH GREEN ISLE IT SKIMS UNTIL IT COMES TO THE
FAR END WHERE...



WHERE AM I?

WHY DID IT
BRING ME HERE?

TURN AROUND,
ULYSSES, AND
YOUR QUESTIONS
WILL BE
ANSWERED!



I AM CIRCE. YOU WILL COME WITH ME.

I WANT YOU FOR MY MATE!

YOU JOKE, WOMAN! GO BACK TO YOUR HOME AND SEND YOUR MALES HERE. I WISH TO SPEAK WITH THEM!

ARROGANT PIG! I AM CIRCE! THE ALL-LEADER! THERE ARE NO MALES HERE.

NOW COME WITH ME AND BE MINE!

NEVER, WOMAN! ULYSSES IS HIS ALONE!

AND NO ONE REJECTS CIRCE!

WARRIORS! BRING THE PRISONER TO ME!



YOU STAND, MYSTIFIED, IN HORROR, AS THASSUS STRUGGLES TO NO AVAIL AGAINST THE FEMALE GUARDS OF CIRCE! SHE PARTS HER MOUTH AND MUSIC, MUSIC MORE HAUNTING THAN YOU'VE EVER HEARD BEFORE, BECKONS FROM HER LIPS! THE WEIRD MELODY CALMS THASSUS, AND THEN CIRCE STEPS FORWARD, AND KISSES HIM GENTLY ON THE NECK...



THASSUS???

QUIET, BARBARIAN. NOW STAND AND WATCH...

YOU STARE IN HORROR, AS YOU SEE THASSUS' FORM MELT INTO THE NIGHT, CHANGING, RESHAPING INTO THAT OF A WOLF! YOU WATCH IN HORROR, AND THEN YOU STARE AT CIRCE, AND YOU SEE HER EMERALD GREEN EYES STARING BACK AT YOU...

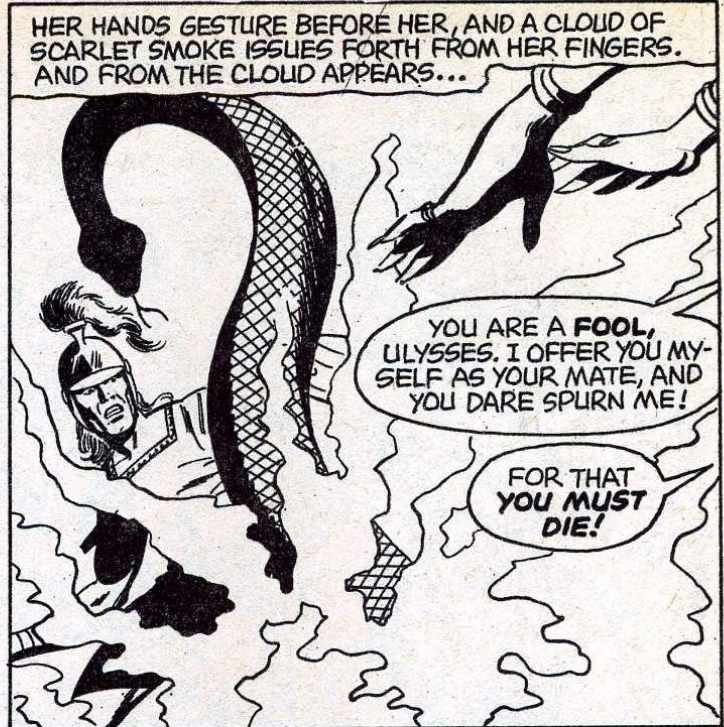




THE DEMON-SNAKE ENCIRCLES YOU AND PULLS TIGHTLY AGAINST YOUR BODY! YOU STRUGGLE TO REMOVE IT, BUT YOUR HANDS FADE THROUGH THE BEAST'S FORM... IT TIGHTENS ITS GRIP ON YOU, AND YOU TRY TO GASP FOR BREATH...



THE SUDDEN SHOCK CAUSES CIRCE TO BREAK CONCENTRATION, AND THE SERPENT FADES INTO SHADOWS SLITHERING AWAY INTO NOTHINGNESS AS YOU GASP FOR BREATH, SUCKING IN THE SWEET AIR IN GIANT GULPS...



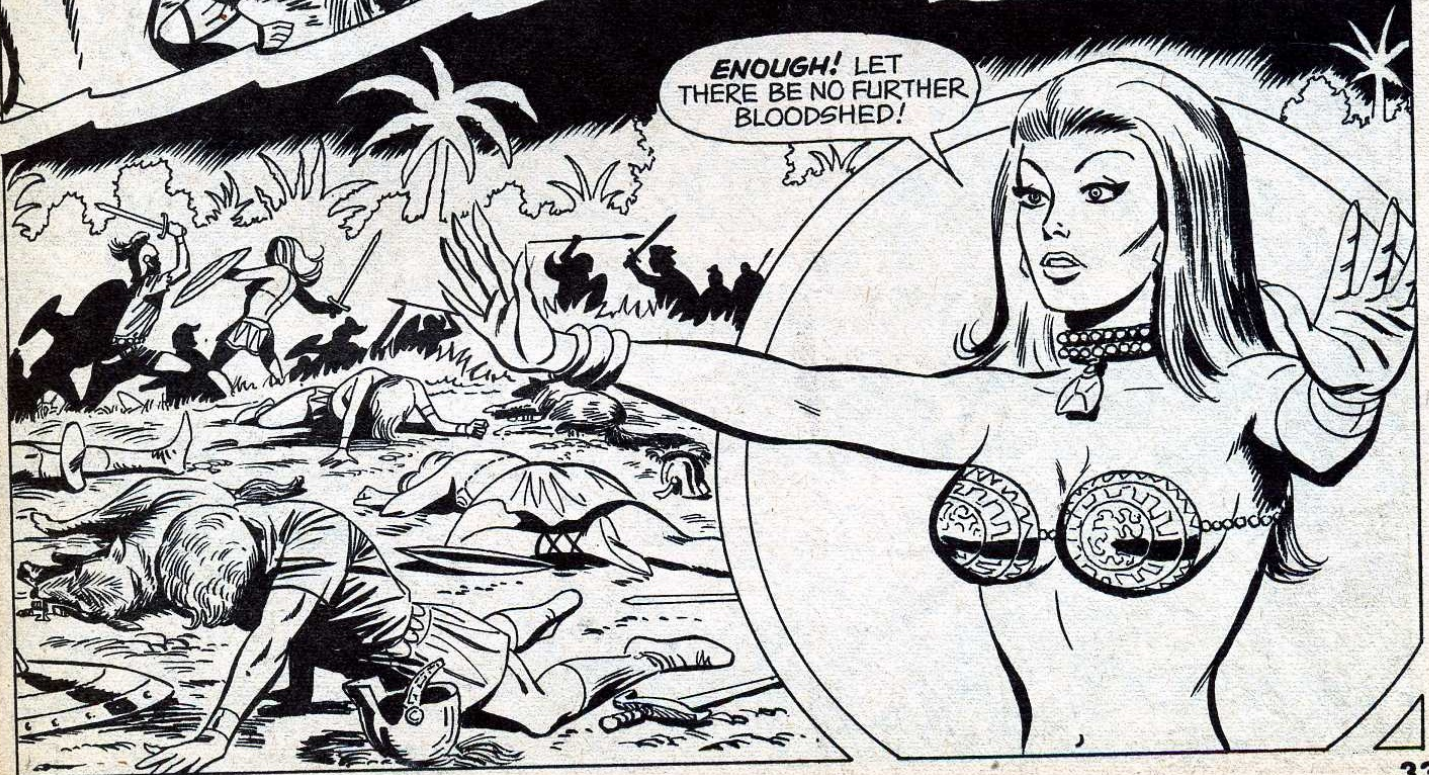
YOUR VEINS BEGIN TO BULGE AS THE SERPENT CLOSES IN TIGHTER AND TIGHTER! YOU ARE CLOSE TO DEATH AND YOU KNOW THERE CAN BE NO REPRIEVE! BUT THEN, SUDDENLY, YOUR MEN APPEAR AS THEY CRASH HEADLONG THROUGH THE FOREST...



THE TWO FORCES MEET AS YOU WATCH FROM THE SIDELINE AS YOUR STRENGTH SLOWLY RETURNS!
STEEL CLASHES AGAINST STEEL AS SWORDS FLASH IN THE COLD MOONLIGHT...



THE SMELL OF FRESH BLOOD SPREADS THROUGH THE ONCE CRISP AIR. THE DEEP GREEN GRASS IS STAINED A DEATHLY SCARLET AS THE BODIES OF MEN, WOMEN, AND WOLVES LITTER THE ROLLING TERRAIN OF AEAEA...



CIRCE STARES AT YOU AS THE HAUNTING MELODY THAT SPRINGS FORTH FROM HER LIPS CALMS YOU...YOU NO LONGER WISH TO FIGHT...YOU NO LONGER WISH TO RESIST. YOU ARE HERS TO DO WITH AS SHE PLEASES...



NO MORE BLOODSHED. NO MORE DEATHS. THIS IS **NOT** WHY WE HAVE COME HERE...

YOU STAND, MOTIONLESS, AS CIRCE COMES TO YOU AND KISSES YOU GENTLY ON THE NECK. YOU STRAIN AS YOU FEEL YOUR MUSCLES BEGIN TO LOOSEN...



WE MUST NOW **CHANGE** THESE MALES INTO WOLVES...

WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, CIRCE? WHY ARE WE BEING CHANGED INTO WOLVES!

YOU FEEL YOURSELF CHANGING, AND YOU SCREAM OUT YOUR QUESTION BEFORE THE WORDS CAN NO LONGER BE SPOKEN...



THEY SAY THERE ARE THOSE WHO CAN CHANGE MEN INTO THE **HOUNDS OF HADES**...

ARE YOU A **WEREWOLF**, CIRCE? ARE YOU?

NONSENSE, I AM **NOT** A WEREWOLF ULYSSES. ...NOT ANYTHING OF THAT BLASPHEMOUS ILK.

ALL IS IN ORDER FOR OUR VOYAGE HOME. THE MALES HAVE ALL BEEN CONVERTED...



AND SLOWLY, BEFORE YOUR TERRORFIED EYES, CIRCE AND HER AMAZON WARRIORS BEGIN TO CHANGE FORM...

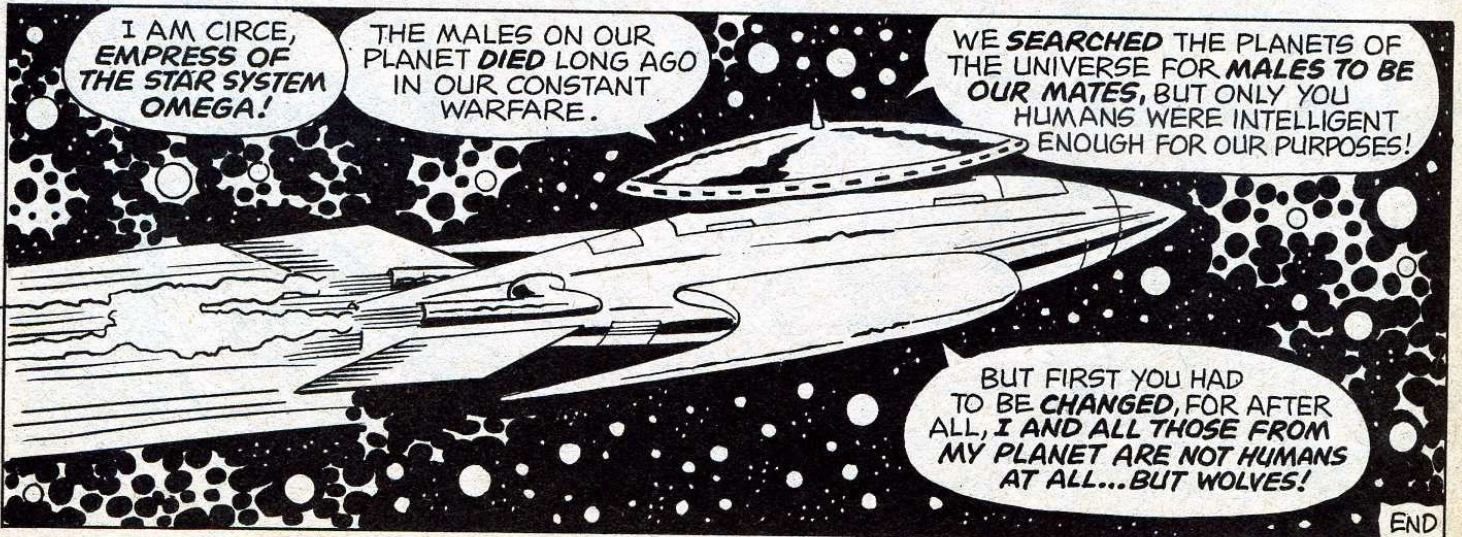


AND NOW, ULYSSES, WE GO TO OUR TRANSPORT...FOR OUR JOURNEY HOME.

I AM CIRCE, EMPRESS OF THE STAR SYSTEM **OMEGA!**

THE MALES ON OUR PLANET **DIED** LONG AGO IN OUR CONSTANT WARFARE.

WE **SEARCHED** THE PLANETS OF THE UNIVERSE FOR **MALES TO BE OUR MATES**, BUT ONLY YOU HUMANS WERE INTELLIGENT ENOUGH FOR OUR PURPOSES!



BUT FIRST YOU HAD TO BE **CHANGED**, FOR AFTER ALL, I AND ALL THOSE FROM MY PLANET ARE NOT HUMANS AT ALL...**BUT WOLVES!**

END

NIGHTMARE PIN UP

FOR #2 IN OUR SERIES,
HERE IS BILL EVERETT'S
VERSION OF THE
**CREATURE FROM
THE BLACK LAGOON!**



Colors flashed madly through me; attacking me, forcing their way into my self. My mind was expanding; I could see the circles of blazing suns radiating multi-colored lights in every direction; a cacophony of a million colors warping their way around me. I could see twelve dimensional planes shooting towards me, through me, around me: probing, groping, grasping, holding me in the delicate fingers of light.

My brain seemed to disappear, and in its place a white dwarf star novad, sending dense particles of itself through my mind; ripping my sensitivities apart.

I tried to see ahead of me, but I could not; a dense ebony thickness seemed to crop the universe around me, holding me in.

I tried to feel, but I could not; my hands touched the tenuous vacuum of space, grasping an infinity of emptiness.

I tried to scream, but I could not; my lips parted and the scream that was uttered was hollow, lifeless, like the ranting of a dying banshee.

I tried to breathe, but I could not; for I WAS DEAD.

Not dead in the physical sense. I was a non-man, with non-thought, non-touch, non-feeling. I was non-existent.

I was trapped in a kaleidoscope of endless colors. My sense of time vanished. At once I was here, lost in oblivion. And then I was back in the tomb that began it all.

Dr. Vetry turned to me, smiled enigmatically, and went on with his remarks. "And so now that we are here at last, here in the lost valley in Egypt, so far beyond what we call civilization, I want to tell you more of what we expect to find."

I leaned on my pick, watched him. Beside us loomed the strange featureless brick wall of the Lost Pyramid, soaring up vast and time-yellowed against the grey rocky walls of that hidden valley. Our tents stood alone and forlorn in the sandy wastes that filled the valley's basin. For miles, in all directions, we were alone—our

guides far away, just the three of us here. There was the fanatical time-lined face of the Egyptologist; a man who had spent an unknown amount of time in the curse-laden pastime of robbing the tombs of ancient pharaohs, of despoiling the buried temples of forgotten demon-gods.

There was his daughter, Vera, young, lovely; her face still sparkling with the zest of youth on its first adventure. Finally, there was myself, young enough to appreciate the novelty of this strange work, honored by my role of assistant to the great archeologist.

"I have told you how I found the parchment which told of the whereabouts of this Lost Pyramid. It was clutched in the withered hands of a sacrificed priest of Anubis. I have told you that it gave specific instructions for finding this unmapped valley and its most secret of tombs. What I did not tell you was that it spoke of the nature of this pyramid's great secret. Anubis, you know, was the mystery god of Ancient Egypt, the god of its Hell. This tomb was his most guarded mystery—for it contains the terrible secret of Eternal Life. In this parchment, it is termed the 'Life-in-Death'."

I stared up at the pyramid before which we toiled. It had been featureless when we had found it, with only the piled dust of ages obscuring its base. Now we had found the stone door which had been hidden beneath that dust. We had pried it open, and in the small stone antechamber beyond, we had found only the usual trappings of the ancients—carved funeral masks, crumbling clay, clay statues of the monster-headed gods of the Elder Dynasties, the grey mummies of sacred cats—and another inner door set at the end of a dark, bare passage leading into the very heart of the pyramid.

Dr. Vetry clutched my hand with the grip of one obsessed. "I have reason to believe that within this tomb tyre is sleeping a man who is *not* dead. He was a priest of Anubis—they called him the Mad Priest. He dared to challenge his

horrible god's dominion over the Region of the Dead—and as a result he was condemned—to Eternal Life! He lies somewhere *beyond that door*, waiting to rise and walk again at the call of pulsing blood!"

That very morning we had planted a small explosive charge in the corner of that innermost door. Not too much, but just enough to break the aged seals that held it tight. Now, Dr. Vetry took the switch that attached to the detonation wire, glanced once again at the connections, and placed it in Vera's hand. "You must be the one to press it," he said. "Not that it would matter, perhaps, but the parchment said that the door must be opened by a woman. After all, it is a small thing for us to do to oblige the ancients."

Vera took the switch, her eyes alight but troubled. I had to say, "Surely you cannot really believe that wild story? You cannot really think that a man can be kept alive, in a state of drugged sleep, for over five thousand years?"

Dr. Vetry smiled his weird smile. "Who knows? Though I suppose we shall only find another mummy—yet, it may be a curious secret."

Slow, painfully halting. The doctor's face went pale. Vera stared, started slowly forward as if hypnotized by the eerie sounds. I raised my pick, fearfully held it as if waiting.

Then, from the mouth of the ancient Lost Pyramid, through the grey dust swirls, came a figure. It emerged into the harsh North African sun, walking slowly, creakily, towards Vera.

It was a man, a mummy. Its body, which had been wrapped in a browning funeral shroud, in strips of incense-soaked linen such as was used to wrap the dead, was showing itself as the time-rotted cloth shredded away. A greyish, dead flesh, a body which had been slowly drying for a hundred generations, was now appearing. The head was no skeleton, but that of a man, of a man who had laid entrapped beyond the beginning of time. Flesh, bare flesh; against sharp bone. His eyes

shone green and hungry. His yellowing cracked teeth were bared, and his bone-thin hands were raised before him, raised to clutch at the life that had been so long denied him.

I screamed. The mummy moved on towards her. Dr. Vetry fell down on his knees, yelling: "The mummy lives! The power of Anubis still rules!"

But I recovered my senses. I snatched my pick up, dashed forward, and swung the heavy implement.

The mummy turned, threw up its hands at me. I smelt a smell of incenses and of the dust that had once tickled the nostrils of a forgotten Pharaoh. I stared into the haunted and hell-lit eyes of a man who should have been dead five thousand years and had refused to die. And my heavy iron pick fell square upon the ancient skull.

Dr. Vetry screamed, "No!" But it was too late.

There was a sickening crunch, a moment of dreadful suspension, when the mummy opened his mouth and screamed a scream that reeked of the agonies of a hundred unspeakable tortures. It fell, and the skull split wide, at my feet.

I looked at the broken ruins that lay scattered on the floor of the pyramid, and I strained to see the cracked bones that should have been there, but in its place I saw the broken remnants of microcircuits, the torn remains of miniscule wirings, and the shattered pieces of small bulbs. I stared in amazement as Vera leaned over towards the fractured skull and lifted it gently in her warm hands. She examined each piece carefully, lifting them to the sliver-thin light that shafted through the small inlets in the pyramid's crust. She looked at the skull and the tiny pieces that fragmented from it, and then turned towards her father. "There is still a possibility, Father. The man circuitry is intact. Only a few of the micro-circuits have to be replaced."

Dr. Vetry looked at me, and my blood chilled. "No thanks to you, fool. Years of searching might have been in vain if you had destroyed Anubis."

"What are you talking about? What's going on here?" I tried to get an answer, but they ignored me as if I were so much sewage

waste. I lunged forward and grabbed the Doctor's collar. He easily brushed me aside which surprised me greatly, considering he must have been at least sixty years old. I got up again and moved towards him, but this time he lifted me up with one hand and threw me to the opposite corner of the pyramid. I lay stunned in the corner, and he turned from me and continued with his work.

He checked the circuits of the mummy, or perhaps it should better be called a robot, and when he was satisfied that all was in working order, he reached towards his own face, AND RIPPED IT OFF.

For a moment there was a sense of revoltion, but then I realized it was not his face at all, but a mask that had come off. For under his skin-tight mask was the purple face of an alien being.

A wave of nausea hit me as I stared at it. There were two eyes, but they bugged inwards like two hollow sockets. And protruding from the center of the eyes were two tendril-like shapes that seemed to flap in the wind. The ends of the tendrils seemed to have tiny feelers, that sensed what was in front of them rather than physically seeing the forms. The creature that had been Dr. Vetry stood before me, and all I could do was just stare. It had no nose, though its face was covered with three rows of slits on each side, slits that could easily have passed for gills. The mouth extended from the face like a puppet's, and tiny bits of purple flesh hung over it so the mouth could not open all the way.

The thing stared at me. Its lips seemed to curl into a hideous smile. "Surprised, my young friend? You should be. How could you possibly expect that I was not a human like yourself, but an extra-terrestrial. Yes, I am sure that you have many questions, thus before you ask them, let me tell you my story.

"I am Wheete Frippe of the planet Frelm V. The planet was one of six prison worlds within the Omega system. Those who were sentenced to one of the prison worlds, were placed in suspended animation for the rest of eternity.

"We of Frelm once had a life span that would encompass many thousands of your Earthian Years, but the science council decided to

end our virtual immortality . . . the immortality that had made us so great. I fought back, and because I opposed the law makers, I was declared a traitor, and sent to Frelm V. But before I could be placed under suspended animation, I stole one of the teleport devices, and destroyed all the others. Using the device, I came here to your planet to begin my search. You see, here, deep within this pyramid, lies the secret of immortality. It was placed here many thousands of years before by a culture far more advanced than either of our planets. Where they came from, and why they picked your planet to leave the secret the eternal life, I don't know. But it was here. Twenty years ago I began my search, and now, finally, it is over. And that mummy you call Anubis, is it. I must take the secret of immortality, and then go back to Frelm and destroy the council that robbed me of life.

"And as for you, my young friend. You have served your purpose, thus . . ."

I didn't let him finish, for I knew what he was going to say. I had served my purpose, thus I could be disposed of. I lunged at a pick-ax and took it up. But before I could swing it at him, he lifted his finger towards me and a ray blast shot out. I ducked just in time to avoid being hit, but the wall of the pyramid directly behind where I stood was now gone, and a huge gaping hole stood in its place.

"Stop, don't try to fight me," Vetry-Frippe screamed. I knew better than to listen to him, but I also knew that I could not dodge the blasts from his finger forever. I grabbed Vera and forced her before me. I knew Frippe wouldn't shoot less he hit his own daughter. But he merely smiled and said, "Vera, phase out, mid-time."

Vera began to glow and I found myself being spun around in a cacoon of lights and shapes. I was being pulled in every direction at once.

And then there was darkness. The universe itself became a pitch black. There was nothing that could be seen anywhere.

And then suddenly there was light, and I could feel a form appear below me. I realized I was again on solid ground, but not the ground of the planet Earth. I looked about me and saw a craggy

vermillion landscape; thick horrendous shaped rocks jutted out from the planet's surface, reaching high into the sky, tipping the orange colored air in a weird phosphorescence.

A burst of flame appeared on the horizon, and soon it was followed by a silver ship winging its way towards me. The ship slowly descended to the ground and the door opened. Several beings who resembled Wheet Frippe came to the doorway and leaped out. But instead of falling to the ground, they seemed to float towards me. The three landed by my side, and the taller one, obviously the leader, spoke.

"Who are you? How did you get here?"

I told him my name was Fradkin and that I was from the planet Earth. It was rather funny, I thought to myself. If someone told me that all this would be happening to me, I would have thought I'd be in shock. But I was almost perfectly calm as I spoke to the alien commander, many hundreds of light years away from my home world.

The commander thought for a while, and then he said, "So Frippe has gone to Earth to seek immortality. The fool, doesn't he know that we decided to rid ourselves of the curse of immortality?"

I couldn't understand what he was talking about. How could immortality be a curse?

"Don't be so naive, Earthling. Once there is immortality, progress ends. People become content, and refuse to advance themselves. The council finally decided to limit our life span, so that we could move to the next evolutionary step. But Frippe was the sole resistor to the idea. And now he has gone to Earth to seek the secret of immortality. But he must be stopped, at all costs."

We talked for awhile and he told me the man I knew as Dr. Vetry had gone mad, and killed the president of the Council. It was only then that he was sentenced to Frelm V, the prison world. They also told me that without any of the teleport stations, they could not travel to Earth to stop Frippe, but that I could be sent back by merely reversing the teleport powers that were already within me. But first they would prepare me so that I may fight and defeat the mad Frippe.

I was led to a large chamber and placed into a small room. A machine was rolled out and aimed directly at me. I could hear the hum of the engines as it began. A thin ray shot out and entered my body. I could feel the sound of the ultrasonics course its way through me. And then there was unconsciousness.

When I woke I was on a bed within the laboratory. The Commander stood before me and said that from this point on, my body would absorb the power of Frippe and when enough power was mine, I could send it back to Frippe and destroy him.

I was too dazed to say anything, so I mutely followed the scientist to another room where I would be drained of the teleport beam and be sent back to Earth.

There was a flash of black, and suddenly I found myself in the pyramid that began it all.

I heard voices coming from another chamber, so I quietly made my way in time to see Frippe about to activate the robot/mummy, Anubis. I was about to move in when I felt a warm hand touch my neck. I turned around and it was Vera, beautiful Vera, lovely Vera, Vera the slimy alien. I pushed her away, but she still came towards me. She stared at me with her emerald eyes, and I began to fall under her spell. I knew that any second I would be her pawn, so I forced myself to turn away. She leaped on top of me, but I pushed her over to the floor. I forced my knee on her chest to keep her from rising, but I couldn't bring myself to kill her. For even though I knew that she was just wearing a mask, the disguise was so beautiful that I hesitated to attack. Frippe heard the commotion, and came out from the chamber. He looked at me and began shouting, "You fool, you could ruin everything. You have to stop."

I refused to listen and leaped at him. He raised his hand and a ray bolt shot out towards me. I tried to dodge it, but it was too late. It hit me squarely in the chest. I expected to fall down dead the next moment, but the blast didn't even faze me. I then remembered what I was told on Frelm; that everytime Frippe would attack me, I would merely absorb his power. He grabbed me and began fighting, but I felt nothing. With each

blow, I became stronger and more powerful, until finally I was able to attack him. I lifted my hands towards him, and let all the pent up energy shoot out. It hit him with a heavy thud, he spun around quickly, and disintegrated in a puff of smoke.

I turned towards Vera and started after her. She began screaming. "Idiot, you've doomed an entire world to death. It's all over."

I was puzzled. What was she talking about?

"Frippe was no criminal," she began. "He was the only sane member of the council. They had decided to take over all the worlds of the Omega Star System, and the way they were going to do it was rob the life of all their subjects and only they would remain immortal . . . only they would never die. They would be able to lord this over the people, and would take over all of Omega, and then, the universe. Frippe was the only one capable of restoring immortality to the people, to let them determine their own futures without the interference of any dictatorial body. But now you have destroyed him, and the hopes of the universe."

She reached towards her right breast and pressed something. She then blew up and machinery scattered in every direction.

I felt a wave of nausea overcome me, and then I realized what had happened. Vera was not Frippe's daughter at all, but she was the teleport machine placed within the mind and soul of a woman. When Frippe was killed, she destroyed herself.

I also realized one other thing. Frippe was the only being that could have helped save the universe, but now, because of me, it was doomed.

I am writing this all down now in hopes that someone may find this script and can do something to help my planet save itself from a domination that must surely come.

As for me, I can not live with the thoughts that it was I who destroyed the hopes of every human being. There is only one alternative, and that is suicide.

The poison is acting quickly now, and in a matter of moments, I will be dead. As for the world, I can only wish that someone can save it. Farewell.

THE SCENE... THE TYROLEAN ALPS, MANY YEARS AGO! NEAR WHAT WAS ONCE THE SMALL HAMLET OF RAVENNES! THIS IS ONE OF THOSE LEGENDS OF HORROR HANDED DOWN FROM FATHER TO SON THROUGH THE GENERATIONS! THE TALE OF A TERRIBLE THIRSTING THING! THEY CALL IT ---

BLOOD FOR THE VAMPIRE



WE MUST
MAKE THE TOWN
OFFICIALS OPEN
ERIC LUSTVEG'S
GRAVE!

LET US
DRIVE
A STAKE
INTO
THE BODY!

LOOK!
LOOK!
THERE!

THE BOAR'S HEAD WAS A MOUNTAIN INN! JOHANN LUSTVEG AND HIS WIFE, WHO OWNED IT, WERE SIMPLE MOUNTAIN FOLK.

JOHANN, IT IS TOO BAD
WE NEVER HAD A LITTLE
SON, A LITTLE BROTHER
WITH ANNA NOW!

YES MARTHA,
IT IS!

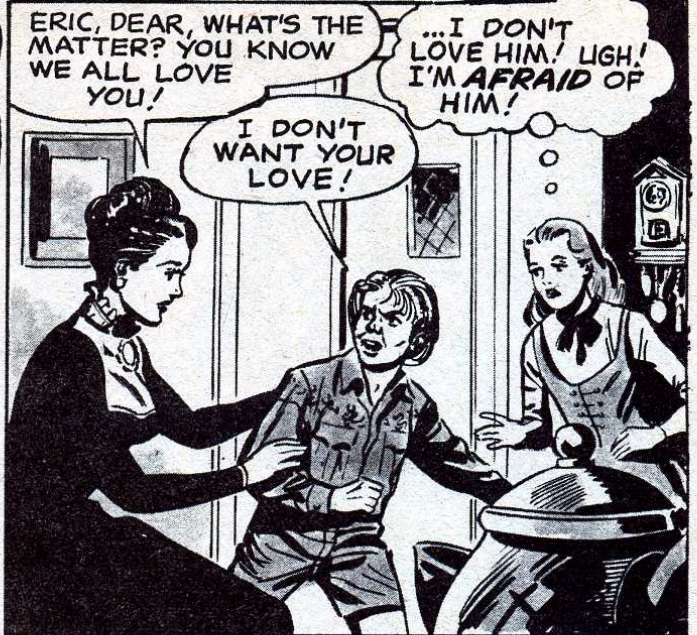
THEY WANTED ANOTHER CHILD SO BADLY! AND THEN ONE DAY...



A BOY! THEY BROUGHT HIM UP AS THEIR OWN!



BUT IN SPITE OF ALL THEIR LOVE HE GREW TO BE A VERY STRANGE LITTLE BOY!



PASSING TRAVELERS OFTEN SPENT A DAY OR TWO AT THE INN! AND ONE MORNING, WHEN ERIC WAS ABOUT TEN!



POSSESSED BY SOME DEVIL! PROPHETIC WORDS! WHEN THE STRANGE ERIC WAS TWENTY...



THEN ONE NIGHT AT THE INN,
THE TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED...



WHA? THE INN-KEEPER'S BOY!
HEY, YOU... LUSTVEG! LUSTVEG...
COME HERE!

YOU SHUT
UP!

POSSESSED BY SOME DEVIL?
SOMETHING TERRIBLE WAS
UNLEASHED WITHIN ERIC
LUSTVEG!

I TOLD YOU,
SHUT UP!

ERIC? WHAT'S
THE MATTER
IN THERE?

HELP!
HELP!



ERIC! ERIC!
WHA--?!

OHH--
HE'S KILLED
M'SIEU
PEROT!

HA! HA!
YOU'LL
NEVER--
LIVE TO
TELL
ON ME!

A RAGING, MANIACAL DEMON,
SUDDENLY UNLEASHED! WITHIN
A MOMENT ON THAT TERRIBLE
NIGHT, THE BOAR'S HEAD INN
WAS A CRIMSON SHAMBLES...



HELP!
HELP!

HA-HA!

NO ONE WILL
EVER GET
ME!

A
IE!

EVERYONE IN RAVENNES
JOINED IN THE SEARCH
FOR THE MAD MURDERER!
AT LAST, IN A MOUNTAIN
CAVE, LIKE AN ANIMAL
THEY CAUGHT HIM. HE
WOULD HAVE BEEN HUNG
IN THE VILLAGE SQUARE!
BUT...



YOU THINK I
CANNOT ESCAPE?
HAH!

WHA--?

BEFORE THEY COULD STOP
HIM ERIC LUSTVEG HAD
SLASHED HIS THROAT...



HE KILLED
HIMSELF!
A SUICIDE!

AN EVIL MAN
WHO COMMITS
SUICIDE-- WILL
BECOME A
VAMPIRE!

A VAMPIRE!
...OHHH-- WE
ARE ALL
DOOMED!

A LIVING DEAD BODY-- A
SACRILEGE, ONE OF THE
DARK WONDERS WE ARE
NOT MEANT TO UNDER-
STAND!

AND ANOTHER AND
ANOTHER... REPLENISHING
ITSELF FROM DARK TO DAWN!

OF COURSE IN AMERICA, IN THIS
DAY AND AGE, PEOPLE DON'T BELIEVE
IN SUCH THINGS! BUT THE
SIMPLE MOUNTAIN FOLK OF
RAVENNES-- THEY KNEW! AND
THAT NIGHT...



THE
VAMPIRE!
EEOW!
HELP!



THE BODY OF ERIC LUSTVEG HAD BEEN INTERRED IN JOHANN LUSTVEG'S FAMILY VAULTS, AND THE NEXT DAY THE TERRIFIED VILLAGERS...

THE LUSTVEG VAULT MUST BE OPENED!

WE MUST **BURN** ERIC'S BODY WITH GARLIC!

NO! WE SHOULD STUFF THE MOUTH!

AND DRIVE A **STAKE** INTO THE **HEART!**

THE VAMPIRE COULD BE KILLED! BUT THAT DAY, WHEN THE VAULT WAS OPENED...

THE INNER COFFIN IS GONE!

THE VAMPIRE STOLE ITS COFFIN! BORE IT AWAY TO SOME SECRET HIDING PLACE, WHERE IT CAN REST BY DAY!

WE ARE DOOMED... **DOOMED!**



JUST A LEGEND OF LONG AGO!

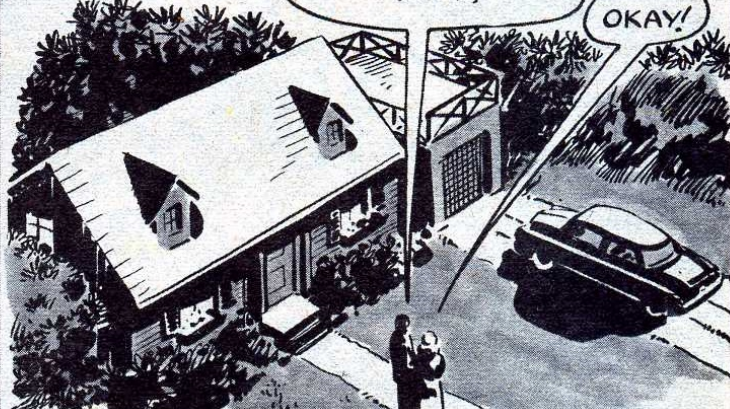


BUT WAIT! IN 1970, IN A SMALL TOWN HERE IN AMERICA, THERE IS A YOUNG COUPLE NAMED ROD AND DOT BLAIR! HERE IS WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM --

THIS WAS JUST LAST SUMMER...

THE MAIL OUGHT TO BE SORTED BY NOW! LET'S DRIVE DOWN TO THE POST OFFICE, DOT!

OKAY!



ROD, HERE'S A LETTER FROM MY UNCLE PAUL'S LAWYER IN INDIA, BENARES-- UNCLE PAUL DIED THERE LAST MONTH!

THAT UNCLE PAUL LUSTVEG WHOM YOU HAVEN'T SEEN SINCE YOU WERE A KID? WHAT'S THE LETTER SAY?

YOUNG DOT BLAIR KNEW NOTHING OF HER FAMILY! THERE WAS ONLY LUSTVEG, WHO FOR YEARS HAD LIVED IN THE FAR EAST...

UNCLE PAUL HAS LEFT ME AN OLD HOUSE OVER IN THE ALPS! NEAR A PLACE CALLED RAVENNES! MY FAMILY LIVED THERE LONG AGO!

YEAH? WONDER IF IT'S WORTH MUCH NOW?

ROD WAS ON VACATION! THEY DECIDED IT WOULD BE FUN TO GO AND INVESTIGATE!

IT WAS ONCE AN INN! OUT IN THE MOUNTAINS! BUT NO-BODY'S LIVED IN IT FOR HEAVEN KNOWS HOW LONG! UNCLE PAUL HIMSELF WOULDN'T EVER GO THERE!

MAYBE WE COULD SELL IT FOR A LITTLE SOMETHING ANYWAY!



NEAR NIGHTFALL, ONE SUMMER EVENING, ROD AND DOT BLAIR APPROACHED RAVENNES! IT'S LARGER NOW-- BUT IN MANY WHY IT'S JUST THE SAME!

WE'RE LOOKING FOR A PLACE THEY CALLED BOAR'S HEAD INN!

EVER HEARD OF IT!

THE LUSTVEG PLACE? OH YES, I'VE HEARD OF IT!

NO ONE GOES THERE! YOU MUST **NOT** M'SIEU! THINGS MOST TERRIBLE HAVE HAPPENED THERE!

YEAH? TELL US!

THE OLD MAN GARBLED THE TALE, AS OLD PEOPLE WILL! IT DID NOT FRIGHTEN YOUNG ROD BLAIR!

A VAMPIRE! SURE, WE HAVE 'EM IN AMERICA! LITTLE ONES THAT FILL UP WITH YOUR BLOOD! MOSQUITOS! HA! HA!

FOOLS! JUST FOOLS!

BUT IT DIDN'T SEEM SO FUNNY, WHEN PRESENTLY...

WELL, IT'S SURE **GHASTLY** AND **HORRIBLE!** LET'S TAKE A LOOK! WE GOT CANDLES AND A FLASHLIGHT!

THERE'S A STORM COMING-- OH, ROD--?!

GRIM, BROODING PLACE! WHATEVER SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE THEY HAD WAS SOON GONE!

SURE IS A WRECK, ISN'T IT?

OH, ROD-- PLEASE... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

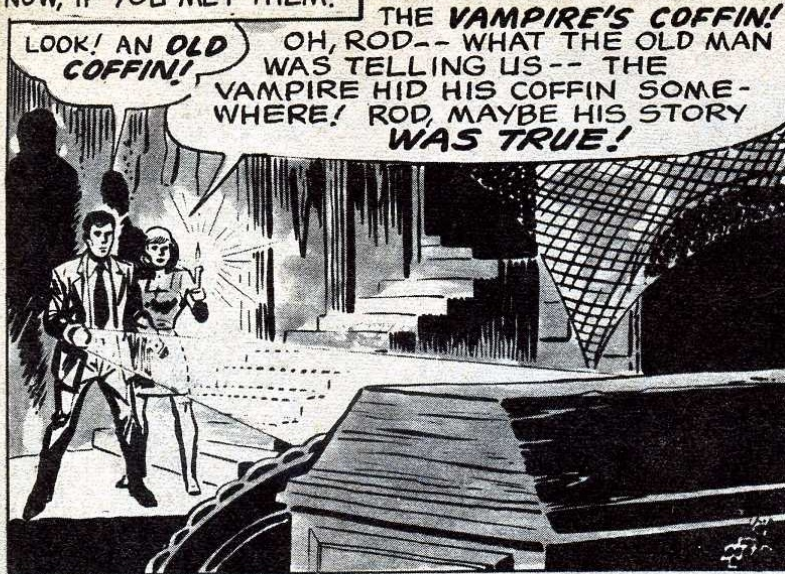
BUT AT THAT MOMENT THE STORM OUTSIDE BROKE WITH WEIRD MOUNTAIN FURY...

AND INSIDE THE MOULDERING OLD BUILDING...

COULDN'T DRIVE IN THIS STORM! MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME FIREWOOD IN THE CELLAR!

OH, ROD! DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE! I'M COMING WITH YOU!

JUST BRASH YOUNG FOOLS! THEY WOULD TELL YOU THAT NOW, IF YOU MET THEM!



LOOK! AN **OLD COFFIN!**

THE **VAMPIRE'S COFFIN!**
OH, ROD-- WHAT THE OLD MAN WAS TELLING US-- THE VAMPIRE HID HIS COFFIN SOMEWHERE! ROD, MAYBE HIS STORY **WAS TRUE!**



THAT LETTER I GOT SAID NOTHING ABOUT A CARETAKER!

MAYBE THE LAWYER GOT IT MIXED, DOT-- WE'RE JUST THINKING CRAZY THINGS!

THIS WAY, PLEASE!



NONSENSE!
WHA?! WHO ARE YOU?

I AM JACOB TARL-- THE CARETAKER HERE! THE STORM DROVE YOU IN? **WELCOME!** COME UPSTAIRS! I WILL MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE!

T-THANK YOU! UNTIL THE STORM HAS PASSED!

IT WAS A FESTERING OLD ROOM, WRETCHED FROM THE SMELL OF DEATH...



I WILL LEAVE YOU, NOW!

YES! T-THANKS!



AND AS HE LEFT...

ROD, LOOK! THERE'S **NO REFLECTION IN THAT MIRROR!**

WHA--?!

ROD BLAIR, FROM MODERN AMERICA, STILL WAS TRYING TO TELL HIMSELF NOT TO BELIEVE SUCH WILD THINGS...

WE'LL WAIT TILL THE STORM LETS UP, THEN WE'LL BEAT IT!

OH, ROD, I'M SO FRIGHTENED! VAMPIRES SOMETIMES TAKE HUMAN FORM-- AND A MIRROR DOESN'T **REFLECT** THEM!

ALL RIGHT! IF THERE IS ANYTHING TO THAT CRAZY OLD STUFF, I'LL FIX IT! AFTER ALL, THIS IS OUR HOUSE, ISN'T IT?

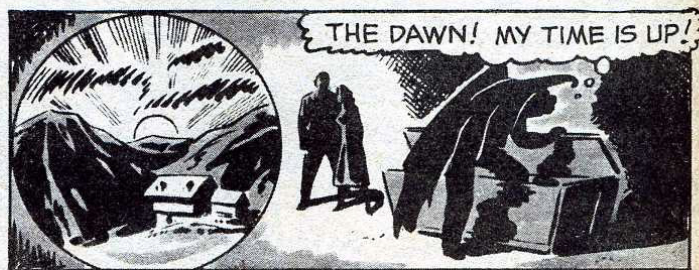
IF THERE'S A **VAMPIRE** IN IT, I'LL DRIVE A **STAKE** INTO HIM! THAT'LL FIX HIM, **WON'T IT?**



OH HH!



FATE? WHAT YOU WILL -- AT THAT INSTANT
OUTSIDE, THE ROSY DAWN WAS BREAKING
THROUGH THE STORM CLOUDS! AND SUDDENLY...



AS THE GRISLY THING
SLUNK BACK TO ITS
COFFIN, ROD POUNDED
THE STAKE INTO ITS
HEART!!

HORROR CAN DRAIN
THE SENSES!



LIKE FIRE IN DRY PRAIRIE GRASS THE FLAMES SPREAD AND...



THE MOUNTAINS GATHERED! ROD WASN'T JIBING AT THEIR OLD LEGEND NOW!



NOTHING FOR US TO BE AFRAID OF THAT WAS 3000 MILES FROM HERE! AND SOME SAY THAT VAMPIRES CANNOT CROSS SALT WATER-- BUT OTHERS SAY THEY CAN! ONLY A **MONTH** AGO, AT A SMALL AMERICAN HOSPITAL WHICH PREFERS TO REMAIN NAMELESS...

WHEN HE GETS THIS BLOOD TRANSFUSION, HE'LL BE BETTER! PROBABLY SAVED HIS LIFE!... WHA-- ?!



THERE WAS SUCH A COM-MOTION IN THAT LITTLE HOSPITAL THAT THE GHASTLY THING WINGED AWAY...

LOOK! THERE IT GOES!

WHAT WAS IT?

A VAMPIRE!
IT'S A VAMPIRE!



THAT WAS HERE, IN AMERICA-- AND ONLY **LAST MONTH!** THE UNHOLY CREATURE WHICH WAS ONCE THE VILLAINOUS ERIC LUSTVEG IS ABROAD! WHERE IS IT NOW? WHERE **WILL IT BE TONIGHT?** ANY ONE OF US, GLANCING AT OUR WINDOW MAY SEE...



THE END

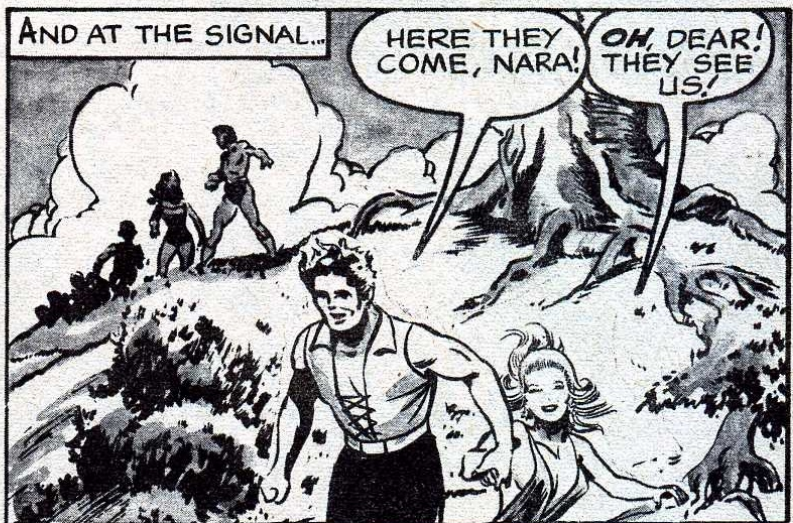
THE SCIENTIFIC TECHNOLOGY ON EARTH WAS GROWING TO A POINT WHERE MAN BECAME MORE AND MORE REMOVED FROM HIS EVERYDAY TASKS. THE FINAL STEP WAS THE CREATION OF THE ROBOT; THE FUTURE SLAVE OF MAN, A SLAVE THAT EVENTUALLY WOULD MAKE THE IDLE PLEASURES OF MAN A LIVING NIGHTMARE, THE ROBOT WOULD JOIN FORCES AND TAKE REVENGE ON THEIR CREATORS TO EVENTUALLY CAUSE

THE MASSACRE OF MANKIND!





IT IS ALAN'S AND NARA'S WEDDING NIGHT!
AN EVENING OF TOTAL BLISS!



ALL THEIR YOUNG LIVES ALAN AND NARA HAD KNOWN NOTHING ELSE BUT PLEASURE!

YOUTHFUL NONSENSE, BUT THERE WAS DANGER HERE! NOW IT SHOWED ITS SINISTER FACE! A ROBOT MESSENGER APPROACHED THEM, AND...

YOUR FATHER IS AT THE FACTORY GATE! HE WISHES YOU TO COME!



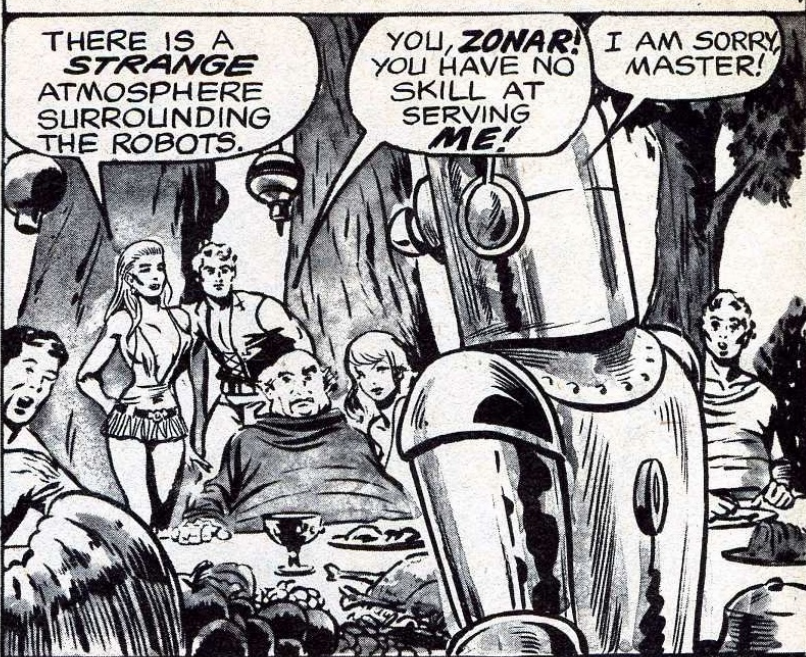
HOW COULD ANYONE KNOW THAT THIS NIGHT WAS MARKED FOR BLOODSHED! THE EMPEROR JOHNS WAS VERY HAPPY TONIGHT AS HE SAT GORGING HIMSELF WITH FOOD AND WINE...



TO OUR BELOVED EMPEROR!

YOU NEVER HAD A BETTER ONE! HA! HA!

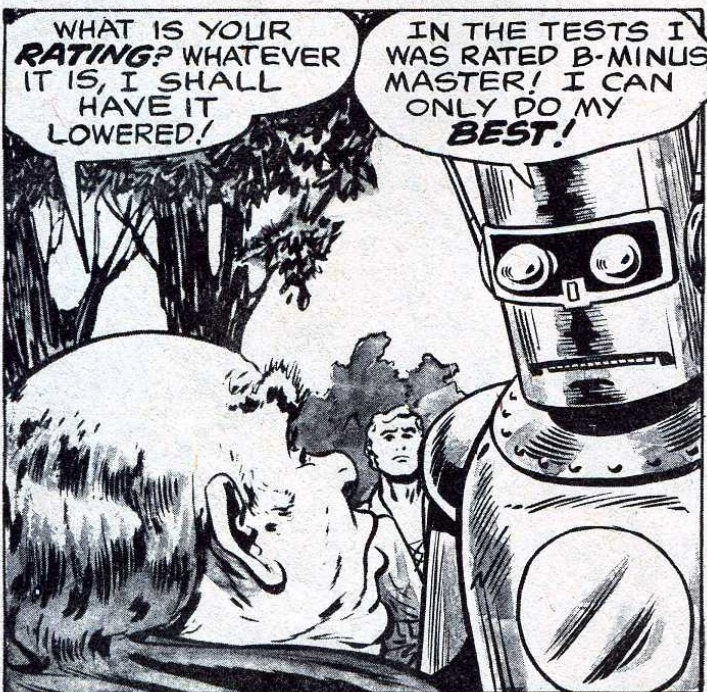
ON THE WAY TO SEE HIS FATHER, ALAN ARC PASSED THE EMPEROR'S TABLE! WHAT HE SAW WAS STARTLING!



THERE IS A **STRANGE** ATMOSPHERE SURROUNDING THE ROBOTS.

YOU, **ZONAR**! YOU HAVE NO SKILL AT SERVING **ME**!

I AM SORRY, MASTER!



WHAT IS YOUR **RATING**? WHATEVER IT IS, I SHALL HAVE IT LOWERED!

IN THE TESTS I WAS RATED B-MINUS, MASTER! I CAN ONLY DO MY **BEST**!



YOU SHALL BE REDUCED TO FIELD WORK! D-GRADE! TELL YOUR COMMANDER THAT!

OH, ALAN! I NEVER SAW A ROBOT **LOOK** LIKE THAT BEFORE!

HE SHOULD NOT **STARE** AT THE MASTER LIKE THAT! COME, LET'S GO SEE WHAT FATHER **WANTS**!

THE LABORATORY-FACTORY WHERE THE ROBOTS WERE BUILT LOOMED BLACK AGAINST THE SKY! YEARS AGO, HUMAN SCIENTISTS DIRECTED THEM! BUT THE A-PLUS ROBOTS BECAME CAPABLE OF DOING IT-- AND THE HUMANS PUT THEM IN CHARGE! IT WAS EASIER--



ALAN'S FATHER HAD BEEN A SCIENTIST ONCE, HE HAD BEEN IN CHARGE HERE! AND NOW...



I'M **WORRIED**, ALAN! I'M GOING TO MAKE A TOUR OF THE FACTORY! I WANT TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!

OH-- BUT ISN'T THAT UNNECESSARY? THAT'S ALMOST LIKE DOING **WORK**!





YOU TWO WAIT OUTSIDE! ALAN... I MUST TELL YOU... I FEAR THEY MAY BE **BUILDING WEAPONS!**

OH, FATHER BE CAREFUL!

AS THEY WAITED, FROM DOWN THE SLOPE GAY LAUGHTER FROM THE FESTIVAL FLOATED UP TO THEM...

OUR WEDDING NIGHT, ALAN! SO **STRANGE!**

IT MAY BE ONLY FATHER'S FOOLISH FEARS, NARA, DEAR! THEY WILL PASS AND WE WILL BE HAPPY AGAIN!

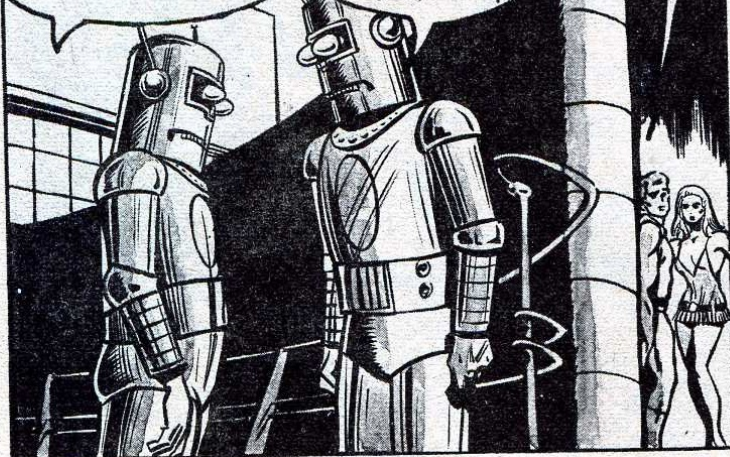


BUT EVERYWHERE THE MONSTROUS THING WAS DRAWING IN, LIKE A GREAT, HORRIBLE NET TIGHTENING AROUND THEM.

SOON THE SIGNAL WILL COME! OUR **TRIUMPH** ALL OVER THE WORLD!

I AM NEWLY BUILT... I TAKE **NO** ORDERS FROM HUMANS!

WE'LL SEE ABOUT **THAT!**

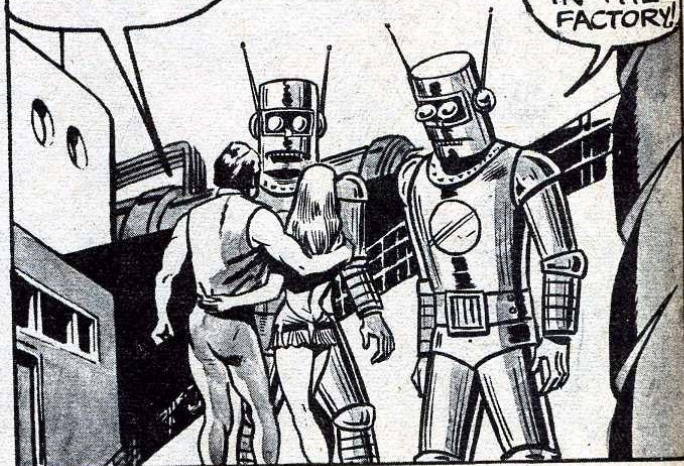


ALAN ARC REALIZED THAT SUBMISSION TO A ROBOT WOULD MEAN TOTAL HUMILIATION TO THE INTELLIGENCE OF MANKIND...

WHAT IS YOUR **RATING?** YOU WORK IN THE FACTORY?

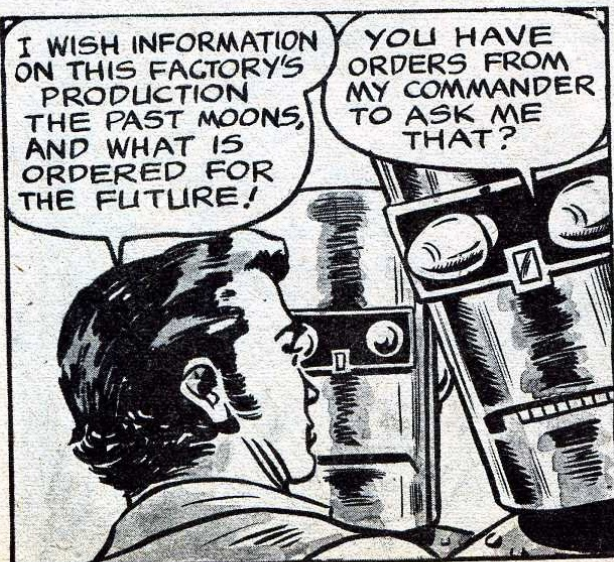
THE SIGNAL IS NOT YET! ANSWER HIM!

I AM **B-PLUS!** YES, I WORK IN THE **FACTORY!**



I WISH INFORMATION ON THIS FACTORY'S PRODUCTION THE PAST MOONS, AND WHAT IS ORDERED FOR THE FUTURE!

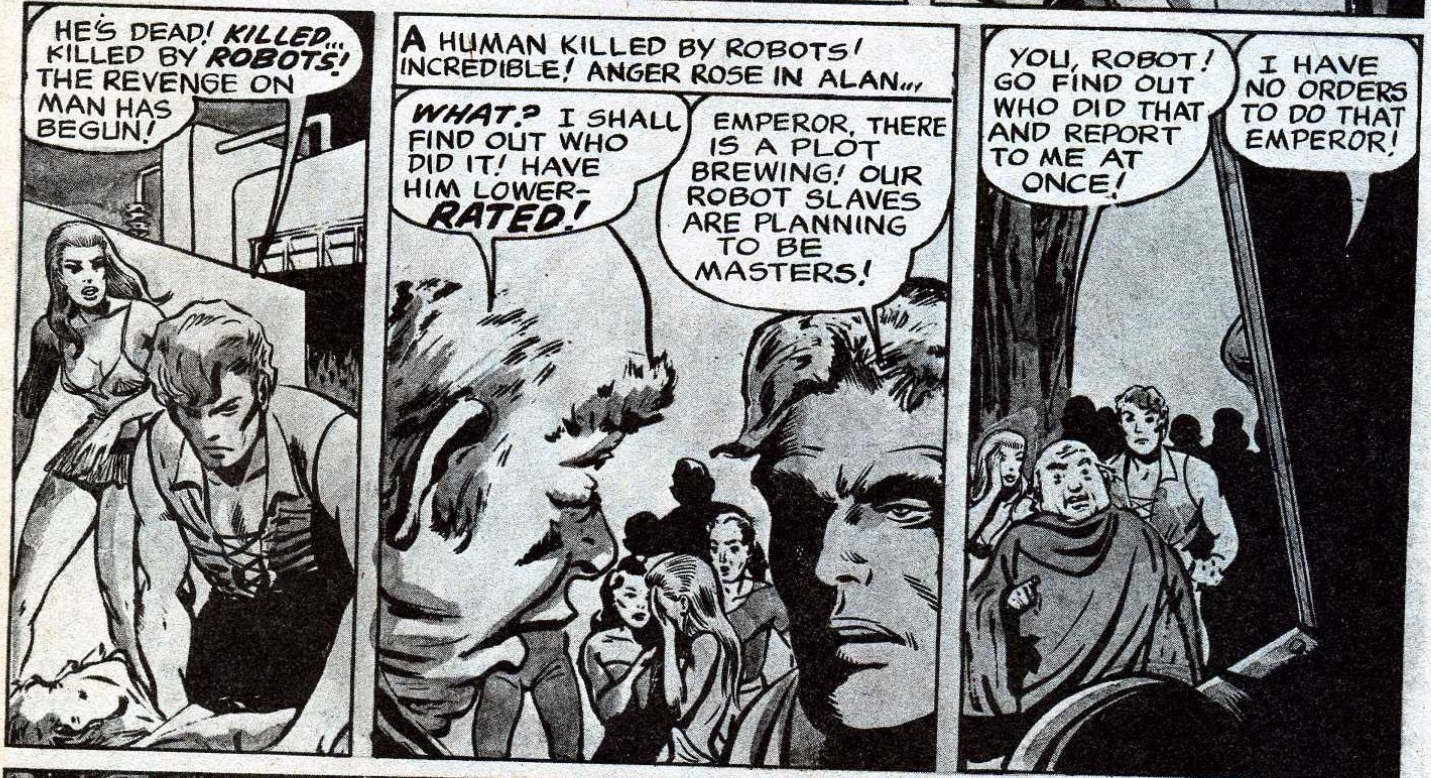
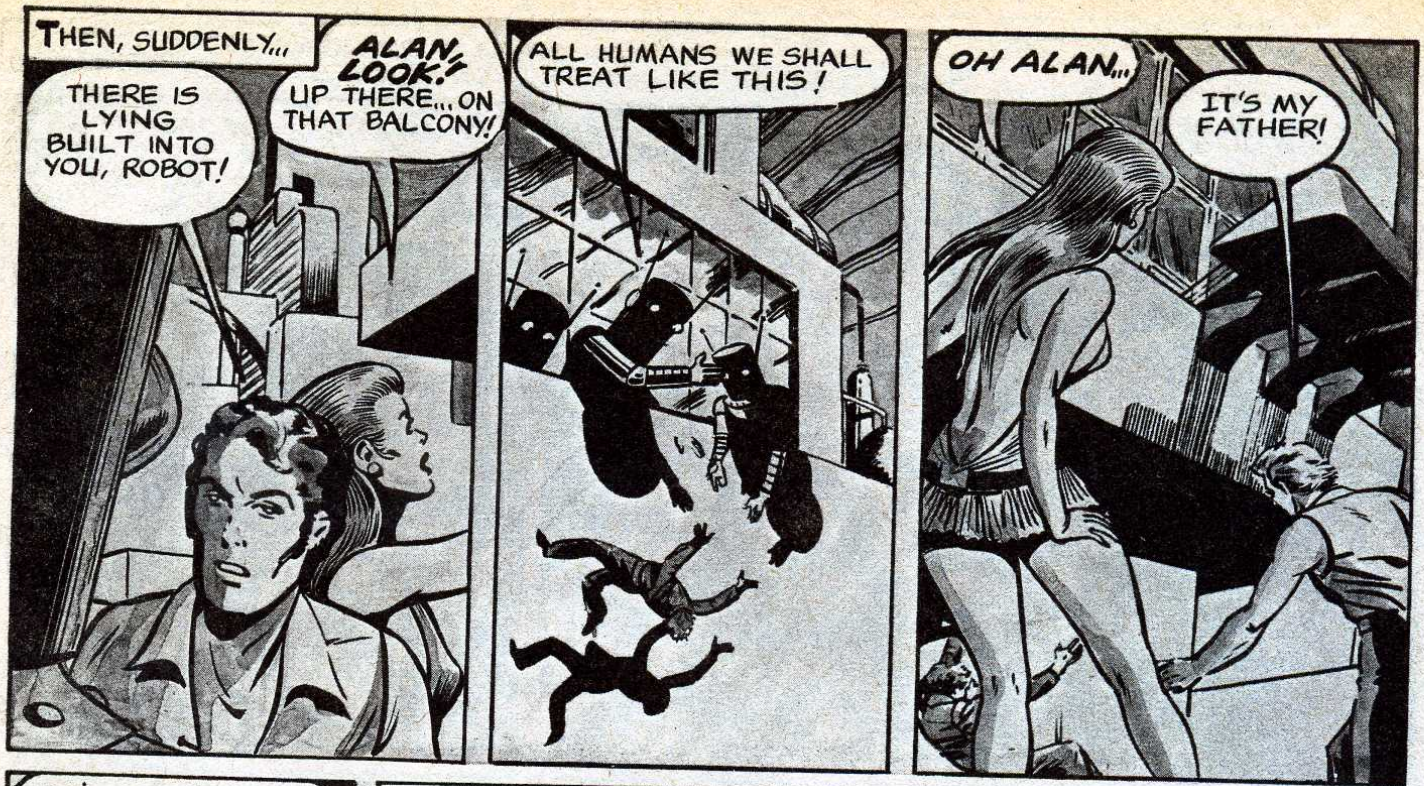
YOU HAVE ORDERS FROM MY COMMANDER TO ASK ME THAT?



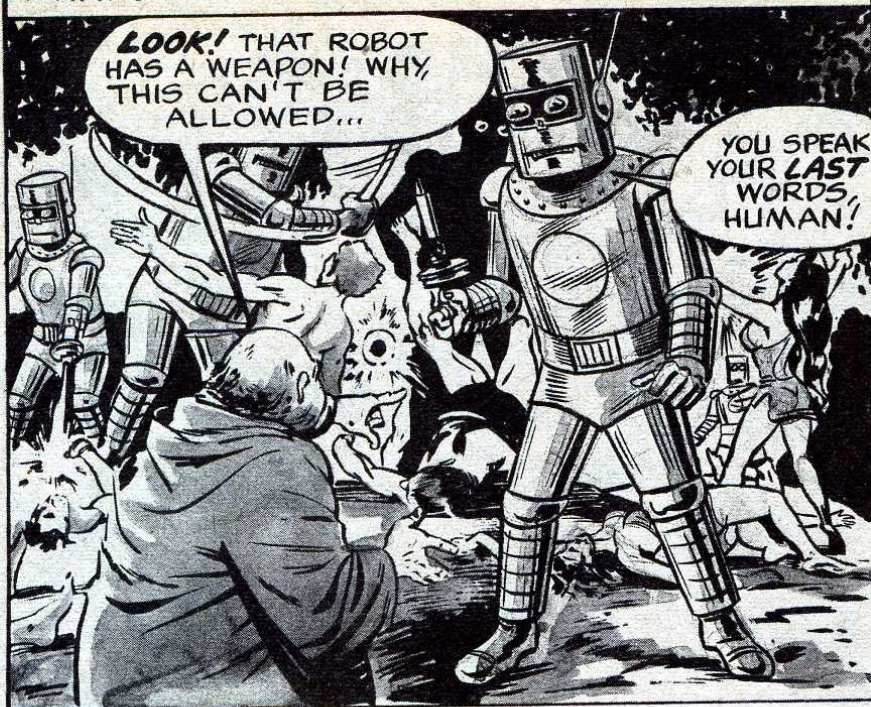
I GIVE YOU THE COMMAND OF A **HUMAN** TO A **ROBOT!** ANSWER ME!

ALL PRODUCTION ORDERS HAVE BEEN FOLLOWED! OF THE LOWER CLASS RATINGS, FIFTY ARE PRODUCED EACH MOON! THAT IS LITTLE MORE THAN REPLACEMENTS FOR THOSE **DYING OF TISSUE ROT** IN THE SUNSET HOME!





NOW IT CAME LIKE THE TORRENT OF A BURSTING DAM...



LOOK! THAT ROBOT HAS A WEAPON! WHY, THIS CAN'T BE ALLOWED...

YOU SPEAK YOUR LAST WORDS, HUMAN!

INCREDIBLE CARNAGE! HERE... AND EVERYWHERE!

AAHHEE! ...HELP!

DEATH TO THE HUMANS!

DEATH! KILL!



IN THE MIDST OF IT, ALAN ARC COULD ONLY STAND NUMBED!

OH ALAN-- MAN MUST NOW TRULY PAY FOR HIS IDLENESS!



RUN! RUN!

YES! OH, YES!

BLINDLY TRYING TO RUN FROM THIS MURDEROUS HORROR... THESE GRUESOME SCENES WHICH NEVER EVEN IN A NIGHTMARE COULD HAVE BEEN CONJURED...

HA-HA! THEY DIE-- BY THOUSANDS!

NARA! RUN FASTER! FASTER!



DON'T FALL, NARA! TRY TO KEEP-- RUNNING!

YES, I'M TRYING!



OUT TO WHERE THE FORESTS WERE THICK AND DARK! FUGITIVES IN A LOST WORLD! AND NOW OTHER LITTLE TATTERED, BABBLING GROUPS WERE JOINING THEM...

WE MUST TRY TO GET SOUTH! MAYBE WE CAN GET TO GREENACRES!

TOO FAR! AND IT WILL BE THE SAME THERE!

RUN!

RUN!



HUMAN FUGITIVES, FLEEING THE BROKEN BUBBLE OF MAN'S FALSE UTOPIA! NOW MAN WAS NOTHING BUT A HUNTED CREATURE... THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION...

WE'VE GOT TO FIND A PLACE TO HIDE!

YES! YES-- FIND A PLACE TO HIDE...



A CAVE... LIKE TERRIFIED, HUNTED ANIMALS HIDING IN A CAVE

WE'LL HAVE TO FIND FOOD AND WATER!

MAYBE BY TOMORROW WE CAN RUN TO SOMEWHERE BETTER!



TOMORROW! AND THE NEXT DAY... AND THE NEXT... SURELY MANKIND WAS NOT DESTINED TO DIE...

I WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU SOMEHOW, MY WIFE!

YES ALAN! I KNOW YOU WILL!



MAN ONCE HAD FOUGHT HIS WAY UPWARD FROM SAVAGERY, AND HE COULD DO SO AGAIN!

I WAS THINKING OF WHAT MY FATHER SAID-- WE WERE A NOBLE SCIENTIFIC FAMILY **ONCE!** AND WE SHALL BE **AGAIN!**



I HAVE FATHER'S SCIENTIFIC RECORDS! I WILL STUDY THEM! **MANKIND MUST NOT DIE!**



END

TO CONTEMPLATE INFINITY IS MADNESS. DEEP WITHIN THE MIND IS A SHIELD TO GUARD AGAINST THE SPECULATION OF WHAT LIES BEYOND THE BEYOND...AND BEYOND THAT.

PRESSED FOR TIME



THE INCREDIBLE PRESSURE BORE DOWN ON EPHRAIM'S CHEST. HIS EARS SPLIT FROM THE FORCE OF BLOOD POUNDING PAST HIS TEMPLES. RED VEILS MADE HIS EYES UNSEEING, BURSTING PAIN. AND THE PRESSURE INCREASED. HE COULD NO LONGER DRAW BREATH EVEN WITH THE AGONY HE DREADED, AND THE PRESSURE FORCED DOWN, CRUSHED HIS CHEST...

THERE WAS A LONG TIME WITHOUT AIR. HIS THROAT CONVULSED AND THEN IT WAS CRUSHED TOO. FINALLY, THE MADNESS OF HIS HORROR ENDED AND EPHRAIM WAS DEAD. HIS LAST THOUGHT PROCESS WAS A MENTAL SCREAM.

ART-
DAN
ADKINS

WAS IT THE LUTTER DESPAIR
OF HIS SCREAM THAT ENDED
THE SPELL? FOR SUDDENLY
HE KNEW HE WAS **ALIVE!**

...OH, GOD?
THE PRESSURE
...GONE!

WHO ARE THEY? WHERE
AM I NOW? WHAT
HAPPENED?

SLOWLY, SLOWLY, THE WORLD BEGAN TO REFORM ABOUT HIM...

HE COULD SEE
FAMILIAR THINGS NOW...
THE paneled church
meeting room, set up
to serve as a court,
the benches, the post
he leaned against.

HERE! HERE AGAIN!
WHY DID THEY BRING
ME BACK? CAN THEY
HEAL MY CHEST, OR STOP
THE BLEEDING INSIDE ME,
ESPECIALLY **HERE!**

BUT WHEN HIS THOUGHTS TURNED TO HIS
AGONY OF A FEW MOMENTS PAST...

SLOWLY, WORDS BEGAN TO BE HEARD, AND
BEGAN TO FORM INTO IDEAS.

...AND I SAW HIM LIGHT THE FIRES AND
MAKING SMOKE AND BURNING THINGS, ALL
STRANGE AND UGLY-COLORED SMOKE
AND SUCH!

BUT HOW
CAN THIS BE?
I'M **UNMARKED,**
UNHURT!
HOW...?

THERE WAS A TERRIBLE FAMILIARITY IN THE SCENE HE CAME TO SEE, THE FACES WHICH STARED IN HOSTILE SILENCE, THE JUDGES' COLD, COLD DETACHMENT.

WERE YOU CASTING SPELLS, WITCH-MAN? WERE YOU SUMMONING YOUR FRIENDS, AND HORRORS UP?

I DON'T KNOW! I WAS...

EPHRAIM TRIED TO GET HIS THOUGHTS ON THEIR QUESTIONS, AND AWAY FROM... WAS IT A DREAM?

WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME ALL THIS? HAVEN'T YOU MADE UP YOUR MIND ALREADY THAT I'VE DONE WRONG?

HIS HAZY MIND BEGAN TO FUNCTION AGAIN. HE REMEMBERED THE SPELLS THEY WERE ASKING ABOUT, AND HE NEARLY GRINNED.

AS EPHRAIM REMEMBERED THAT HE WAS ON TRIAL, HE REMEMBERED WHY, TOO. HE REMEMBERED THE BEGINNING...

WHY ARE YE IN THESE WOODS, YOUNG SIR? BE YOU LOOKING FOR THE **DEVIL** NOW?

YES... I HEARD THE MINISTER SAY HE IS ALWAYS AROUND AND I WANTED...

THE OLD MAN PEERED CLOSER.

YOU WANTED **EVERY-** WHAT WAS IT? GIRLS? NO, TOO YOUNG YET. MONEY? REVENGE ON THE SCHOOLMASTER?

NO... **LIFE!** I HEARD ABOUT **ETERNAL LIFE!** I HEARD SOME FOLK **NEVER DIE!** THAT'S WHAT I WANT!

IN THE CHURCH MEETING ROOM, THE WITNESSES DRONED ON AS EPHRAIM REMEMBERED.

HE TOOK MY CHILDREN WITH HIM SOMETIMES. THEY CAME BACK IN **FEAR**, TOO MUCH, AFRAID TO SAY WHAT THEY HAD SEEN.

EPHRAIM REMEMBERED WHAT THE OLD MAN HAD SHOWN HIM, BOOKS AND BOOKS OF ODD APPEARANCE, FROM WHICH HE HAD READ AND LEARNED.

THE EVIL ONE NEEDS SACRIFICE. USE SMALL ANIMALS TO ATTRACT HIS ATTENTION. LET THERE BE WITNESSES WHOSE HORROR WILL MAKE THE SACRIFICE WORTHWHILE.

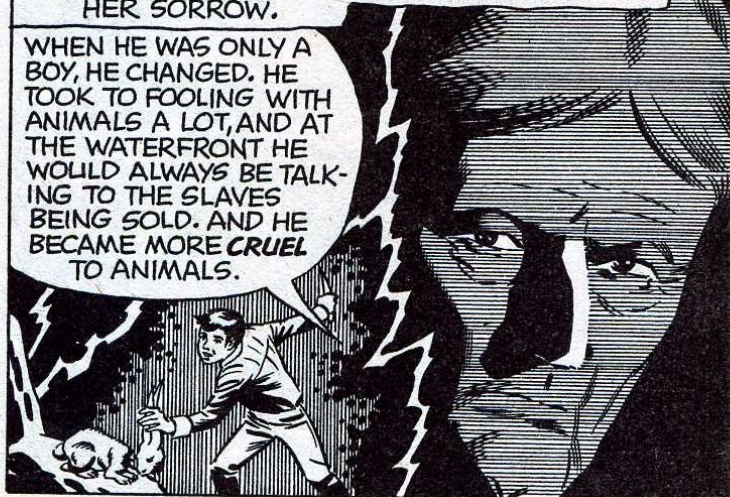
EPHRAIM HAD BEEN UPSET THEN HIMSELF, NOT DREAMING OF WHAT WAS TO COME.

THIS IS FILTHY WORK AND UGLY. BUT I MUST GAIN THE POWER TO **LIVE FOREVER. FOREVER!** MAYBE SATAN CAN HERE ME NOW!



HIS MOTHER WAS TESTIFYING NOW. HE HEARD HER SORROW.

WHEN HE WAS ONLY A BOY, HE CHANGED. HE TOOK TO FOOLING WITH ANIMALS A LOT, AND AT THE WATERFRONT HE WOULD ALWAYS BE TALKING TO THE SLAVES BEING SOLD. AND HE BECAME MORE **CRUEL** TO ANIMALS.



EPHRAIM'S MOTHER REMEMBERED CORRECTLY ABOUT THE SLAVES.

YOU! OLD ONE! DO YOU KNOW MAGIC? JU-JU? CAN YOU CAST SPELLS? LOOK, I HAVE FOOD IF YOU ANSWER ME!



...AND ABOUT THE ANIMALS.

BE STILL, FOOLISH DOG. SOON YOU WILL SUFFER NO MORE, AND YOUR BLOOD BENEATH THIS MOON WILL AWAKEN THE DEMONS I NEED! EACH SPELL WORKS A BIT BETTER. I KNOW MY ATTEMPTS ARE BEING NOTICED **BELOW!**



THE COURTROOM WAS BECOMING MORE RESTLESS AS EPHRAIM'S ACTIONS WERE TRACED FORWARD TO HIS YOUNG MANHOOD.

HE BROUGHT SHAME ON ME! I CANNOT SAY TO YOU WHAT HE DID BECAUSE OF MY SHAME, BUT I RECALL THE **HURT, THE TERRIBLE HURT!** I DID NOT KNOW THEN THAT HE WAS **MAD OR WORSE?**



EPHRAIM WAS NOT SURPRISED THAT OTHERS THOUGHT HIM MAD! BUT THEY DID NOT KNOW OF HIS SUCCESSES!



NOW THE ACCUSATIONS WERE NO LONGER CALM, AND THEY CAME FASTER AND FASTER!



...WITH NO CHANCE TO SAVE THE BURNING COWS AND HORSES! BURNED ALIVE! AND **HE** STOOD THERE WATCHING WITH HIS TWISTED SMILE! IT WAS HE, I KNOW!



THE VILLAGE APOTHECARY...



EPHRAIM CARED LITTLE FOR THIS TEDIOUS TESTIMONY! WHAT IF THE FOOLS KNEW **ALL** THAT HE HAD DONE!



EVEN IN THAT COMMUNITY OF EVIL, THEY RECOGNIZED SOMETHING WORSE IN EPHRAIM, SOMETHING TO FEAR.

WHY ARE YOU HERE? WHAT ILL DO YOU BRING US?

I'M HERE BECAUSE I **BELONG HERE!** IF IT TAKES A GROUP TO CALL THE MASTER, THEN THIS GROUP I **MUST HAVE!**



WITH EPHRAIM AS NEW LEADER, THE COVEN HAD IMMEDIATE SUCCESS.

...AND IN RETURN FOR THE PAIN AND ANGUISH WE HAVE OFFERED, FOR ALL THE SUFFERING WE HAVE CREATED IN YOUR NAME, FOR THE LIFE WE HAVE STOPPED IN YOUR HONOR, WE BID YOU... **RISE!**

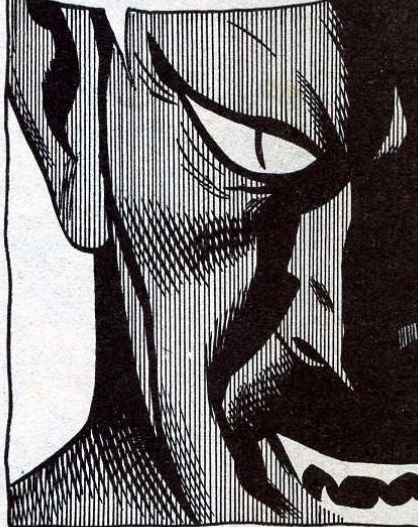


AMIDST THE FRENZY OF THE COVEN AND THE DEBRIS OF THE DISGUSTING SACRIFICES AND THE STINK OF THE PUTRID THINGS WHICH HAD BEEN USED, SATAN ROSE.



ALL ELSE WAS FORGOTTEN. THE MASSIVE FIGURE, CAKED WITH SLIME AND SMOKING SULPHUR, TURNED TO EPHRAIM. THIS WAS BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM.

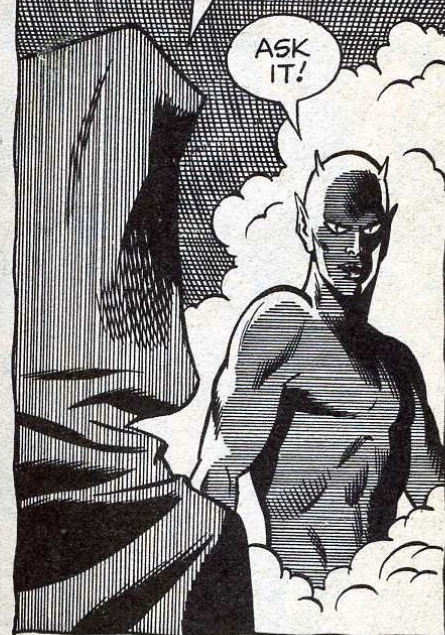
WHAT DO YOU WISH, PRESUMPTUOUS ONE? FEW SO YOUNG HAVE WIELDED SO GREAT A POWER. SOME OF MY MOST DEVOTED FOLLOWERS SEE ME NOT UNTIL THEIR **DEATH.** WHAT DO YOU **WANT?**



EPHRAIM WOULD NOT LOSE HIS CHANCE. HE FORCED HIS VOICE TO ANSWER.

NO RICHES, NO POWER, NO SPECIAL FAVORS, GREAT ONE! ONLY ONE **THING**, SO SMALL FOR YOU TO GIVE!

ASK IT!



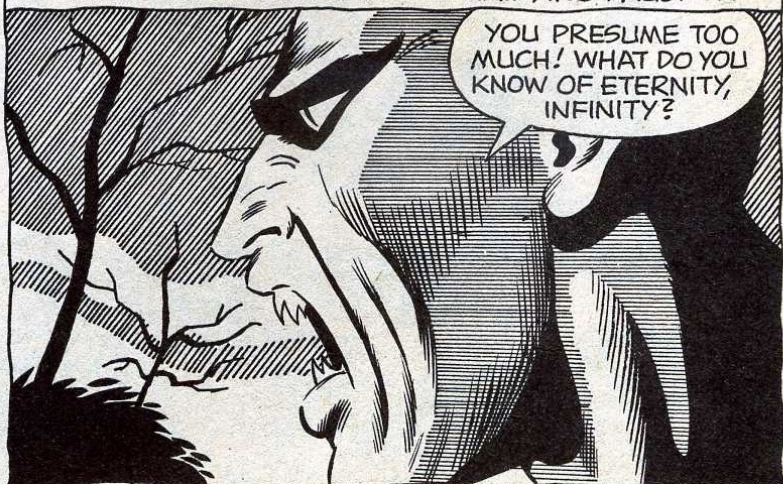
THE WORD **FOREVER** RANG IN EPHRAIM'S BRAIN, WITH THE CLEAR FORCEFUL ENCHANTMENT IT HAD ALWAYS HAD FOR HIM! AND NOW HE ASKED IT.

TO LIVE **FOREVER!** TO LIVE THROUGH **ETERNITY**, PAST **INFINITE** TIME!



THERE WAS A SHORT BUT TERRIFYING PAUSE...

YOU PRESUME TOO MUCH! WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF ETERNITY, INFINITY?



EPHRAIM EXULTED! HE KNEW ALREADY IT WAS *HIS*!

I KNOW ONLY ENOUGH ABOUT FOREVER TO KNOW THAT I MUST EXPERIENCE IT, AND TO TRADE MY *LIFETIME* OF SERVICE AND MY *SOUL* FOR IT!

THE STENCH GREW UNBEARABLE. THE FIRELIGHT BLAZED INTO IMPOSSIBLE BRIGHTNESS. THE LORD OF EVIL GREW TO TITANIC PROPORTIONS JUST BEFORE HE VANISHED! AND HIS WORDS SOUNDED LIKE FUNERAL DRUMBEATS.

GRANTED! YOUR DAYS SHALL *NEVER* END! THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOMETHING MORE AHEAD OF YOU, BUT NOT *DEATH*! FOOL!

THE COURTROOM AGAIN CAME INTO FOCUS! WHAT DID EPHRAIM CARE ABOUT HIS TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT? WHY *SHOULD* HE CARE, HE WHO WOULD GO ON *FOREVER*!

YOU HAVE BEEN CONVICTED, EPHRAIM KNOWLES, OF THE PRACTICE OF WITCHERY. RISE TO HEAR YOUR SENTENCE.

EPHRAIM ROSE UNCOMFORTABLY. ALL OF THIS HAD A FAMILIAR SOUND, AS IF HE HAD GONE THROUGH IT BEFORE...

YOU ARE SENTENCED TO *DIE* BY PRESSING, A HORRIBLE DEATH TO MATCH YOUR HORRIBLE DEEDS! GOD HAVE *MERCY* ON YOUR SOUL!

PRESSING! TO BE CRUSHED SLOWLY BY GREAT WEIGHTS! THIS *HAD* HAPPENED BEFORE, THIS *HAD* HAPPENED BEFORE, THIS ENTIRE HOUR OF CONVICTION AND EXECUTION. THIS WAS BEING REPEATED--AND THEN EPHRAIM KNEW! TO HIS HORROR, HE KNEW!

ETERNITY! NOT HOUR AFTER HOUR AS HE BELIEVED, BUT ONE HOUR OF AGONY OVER AND OVER AGAIN, **FOREVER!**

THE INCREDIBLE PRESSURE BORE DOWN ON EPHRAIM'S CHEST! HIS EARS SPLIT FROM THE FORCE OF BLOOD POUNDING PAST HIS TEMPLES! RED VEILS MADE HIS UNSEEING PAIN **VISIBLE**--AND THE PRESSURE INCREASED!



TO CONTEMPLATE INFINITY IS MADNESS! DEEP WITHIN THE MIND IS A SHIELD TO GUARD AGAINST THE SPECULATION OF WHAT LIES BEYOND THE BEYOND...AND BEYOND THAT!

The End

RE: Next issue and all future issues

AN OPEN LETTER TO OUR READERS

FROM:

NIGHTMARE

MAGAZINE

Dear Readers:

It happened faster than we expected!!

Our aim, from the beginning of the publication of NIGHTMARE magazine, has been quality ... the only direction we know how to go.

Normally, it takes quite a while to line up the best talent available, as there are many people to interview, write to and make contact with.

We at NIGHTMARE magazine, fortunately, have quickly assembled the greatest array of talent in the business.

So, our next issue will feature the works of many top-quality writers and artists. The all-original stories will make you fans of NIGHTMARE magazine forever!

And ... we're going to keep this quality on the upgrade with each future issue.

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITORS